BRITANNIA and EVE

JANUARY
1943

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1/3

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Style on a friendly footing

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. . . . . and these are the three comfort features . . . .
1. Steel arch support—gives comfort in the right place.
2. Sponge rubber cushion—relieves the forward pressure of high heels.
3. Flat innersole—you walk the way Nature intended.

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SHOES

Perfect Style—Perfect Comfort. Selberite Arch Preserver Shoes give you the best of it both ways. These shoes amply fulfil the present day need for something extra in the way of foot comfort and good wearing qualities.

300 Shops in the British Isles are authorised to fit and sell Selberite Arch Preservers. Write for list of them, with illustrations of new styles, to ARCH PRESERVER SHOE LTD. *(London Office): 17/18 OLD BOND ST., W.1*

BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 26, No. 1 JANUARY, 1943

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CATARRH · ANTISEPTIC THROAT
GLYCERINE OF THYMOL

Thomas Kerfoot & Co. Ltd.
Vale of Bardsley
Lancashire

P1

An extra-special
cop is Perce
He writes reports
in Latin verse

He fairly takes the biscuit!

—and Weston MAKES *the biscuit*

Whether he's a high brow or not, a special is glad of a few biscuits and a hot drink when he comes off duty.

Biscuits are a stand-by for some and a principal food for others. There is no place or occupation in which they do not exactly suit a need.

In nutriment, biscuits have the rich goodness of pure wheat to give energy and staying power without taxing the digestion.

Convenient, compact, rich in food value, time and labour saving, enjoyable—biscuits are indispensable to-day.

WESTON Biscuits

MADE BY THE LARGEST BISCUIT MAKERS IN THE EMPIRE

Famous for Fine Quality

LIMITED SUPPLIES FROM FAMILY GROCERS

Smee's

When the lights go up again

Today there are many things we have to do without. That, after all, is inevitable in wartime. The mills and factories that normally make these things are on active service for duration. This is why you may have difficulty in getting the "Rufflette" tape you need for your new workroom made curtains. But when the lights go up again and blackout curtains are a thing of the past, the wise housewife will make "Rufflette" curtain tape the first item on her shopping list.

Sew "Rufflette" Tape, at top and bottom, over hem.

With curtain lying flat, knot cords at one end and pleat by pulling from other end. Do not cut loose ends, tuck into heading.

Slip hooks (or rings) into pockets, turnover fashion. No stitching necessary. Use rings for rod, hooks for runner rail.

'Rufflette' BRAND
CURTAIN TAPE (with woven pockets) also HOOKS, RINGS and RAILS

THOMAS FRENCH & SONS LTD

Maker of 'RUFFLETTE' BRAND

Factories: MANCHESTER AND WYTHENSHAWE : FALL RIVER, MASS., U.S.A.
London Office: 156, OXFORD ST., W.1. *Also* British Empire Bldgs., N.Y.C.

walk with the best. With the best of shoes you rival the best of walkers. You do not feel your feet when you walk with Liberty. You are conscious only of their smartness. You end your day as fresh as when you put Liberty on. Though you have to wait a little for Liberty Shoes because of the war, Liberty quality will repay you.

Special Liberty Utility models now enable you to Walk with Liberty at Utility prices.

LIBERTY SHOES LTD : LEICESTER

B.E.2

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"AYR" WOOLS

are on active service— but there is a civilian ration too — and they are worth asking for!

JAMES TEMPLETON & SON, LTD.
Worsted Spinners · AYR · SCOTLAND

G.E.C.

and

WAR SAVINGS

◆

"It may interest you to know that our War Savings Campaign to which I referred in my last report, has met with great success. Our employees are now contributing at the rate of £250,000 per annum, nearly twice the amount contributed in the previous year. I need hardly say our efforts are continuing."

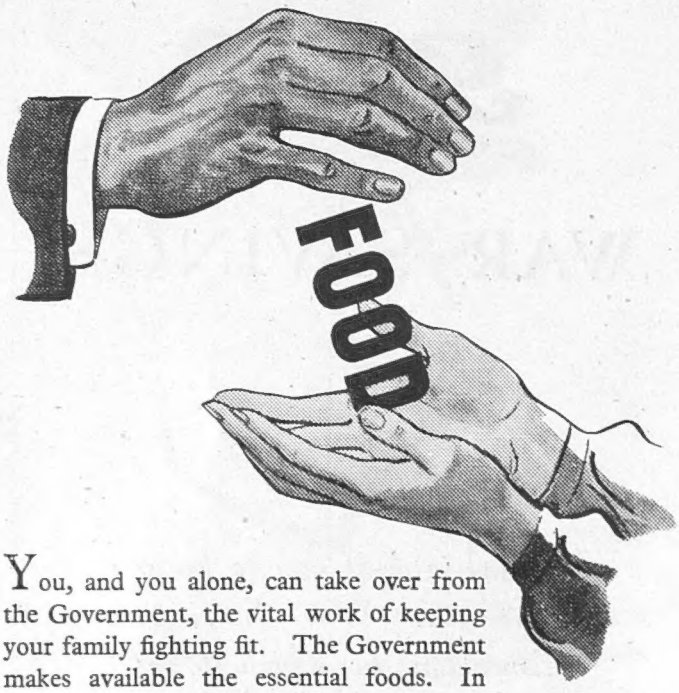
Lord Hirst, of Witton, Chairman and Managing Director in his Chairman's Speech at the G.E.C. Annual General Meeting, July, 1942

◆

Present rate of contribution
£300,000 per annum.

Announcement of The General Electric Co., Ltd., Magnet House, Kingsway, W.C.2

Helping hands...



You, and you alone, can take over from the Government, the vital work of keeping your family fighting fit. The Government makes available the essential foods. In your hands lies the rest!

Helping hands must be guided by thinking heads. To-day there are new facts to absorb; new ideas and improvements on old ones. Wider knowledge of nutrition, for example, gives a new importance to vegetables.

Vegetables give us our greatest supplies of invaluable Vitamin C and many other precious vitamins and minerals without w ich we should soon flag. Furthermore, our vegetables, the finest in the world, are home-grown. Every lb. of vegetables you eat in place of food that would otherwise be imported—every lb. of potatoes instead of bread—releases that amount of shipping space for the transport of essential food, machines, tools, men; and lifts unnecessary strain from our seamen. Multiplied 45 million times, think what that contribution means to the winning of the war!

You have done magnificently during the past three years. Let us keep working together and this year do still better.

DO'S and DON'TS with Vegetables

DO serve swedes when greens are short, or for a change. Of all the root vegetables, swedes are richest in Vitamin C.

DO provide at least one pound of potatoes per head every day, and less bread.

DO cook potatoes in their skins; this prevents their goodness dissolving into the water.

DO serve "something green and raw every day."

DON'T soak vegetables long; their vitamins and minerals seep out into the water.

DON'T overcook vegetables; shred cabbage and greens, break cauliflower in sprigs, cut carrots and swedes in pieces before cooking; they take much less time to cook this way and it saves fuel.

DON'T throw vegetable water away; use it for soups and sauces.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD

(S54)

What a relief! Not one precious fuel unit is needed to whiten linens and cottons — when you USE PAROZONE

Housewives are in the front line of the war effort.

It's the housewife's task to keep to her ratio of fuel. With the help of Parozone she finds it easier to hit the target figure. Simply wash your linens and cottons in the usual way, then soak them overnight in a solution of one teacupful of Parozone to eight gallons of COLD water. Rinse out in the morning. That's all . . . but the results are incomparably beautiful.

There's a place for Parozone in every kitchen and in every bathroom, too. Tiles, woodwork, crockery, glass—sink traps and lavatory bowls, where germs might linger—are cleansed and purified by its action.

PAROZONE for MUSTARD GAS

It should be applied, full strength, to affected parts, left on for two minutes and then washed off. It must be applied immediately or within five minutes.

NOTE.—Parozone MUST NOT be applied near the eyes.

FROM YOUR GROCER OR STORE

PAROZONE

PRE-WAR QUALITY and PRE-WAR PRICE

Head Office, Glasgow, and at London and Nottingham

On every polished floor

100% NON-SLIP GUARANTEED

Furmoto shines floors like glass—produces a hard, tread-proof and waterproof surface on any kind of flooring and linoleum yet on it you can't slip an inch. Because of this it is the only polish you should use. Avoid accident claims as a result of anyone falling on slippery floors. You are absolutely safe with Furmoto, for with every tin is given

£100 FREE INSURANCE AGAINST SLIPPING

Sold in 2/- tins and larger sizes at Oilshops, Grocers, Ironmongers, Stores, etc.

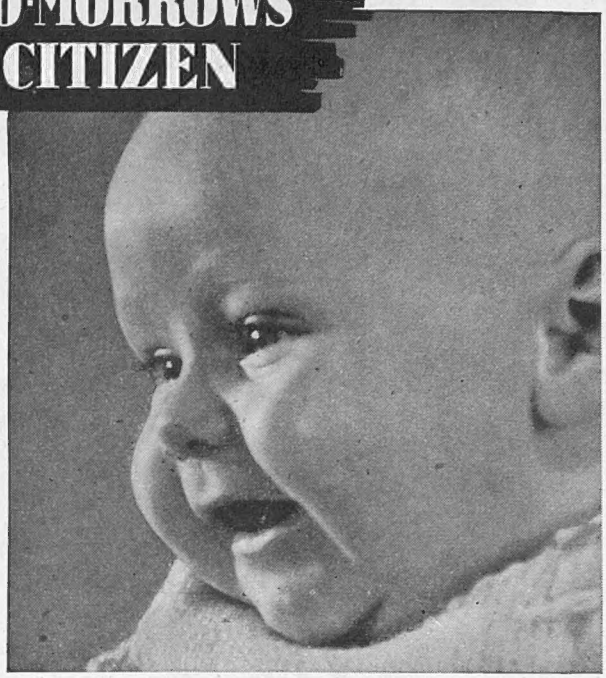
(Enquiries for bulk supplies should be sent to address below)

Furmoto non-slip FLOOR CREAM

In case of difficulty write for name and address of nearest stockist to:

FURMOTO CHEMICAL CO., 1-3 Brixton Road, S.W.9

TO-MORROW'S CITIZEN



One of the better men we shall need if we are to make a better world. A pretty promising specimen, don't you think? Thanks to his wise mother who put him on COW & GATE Milk Food. Thanks to COW & GATE who have maintained supplies.

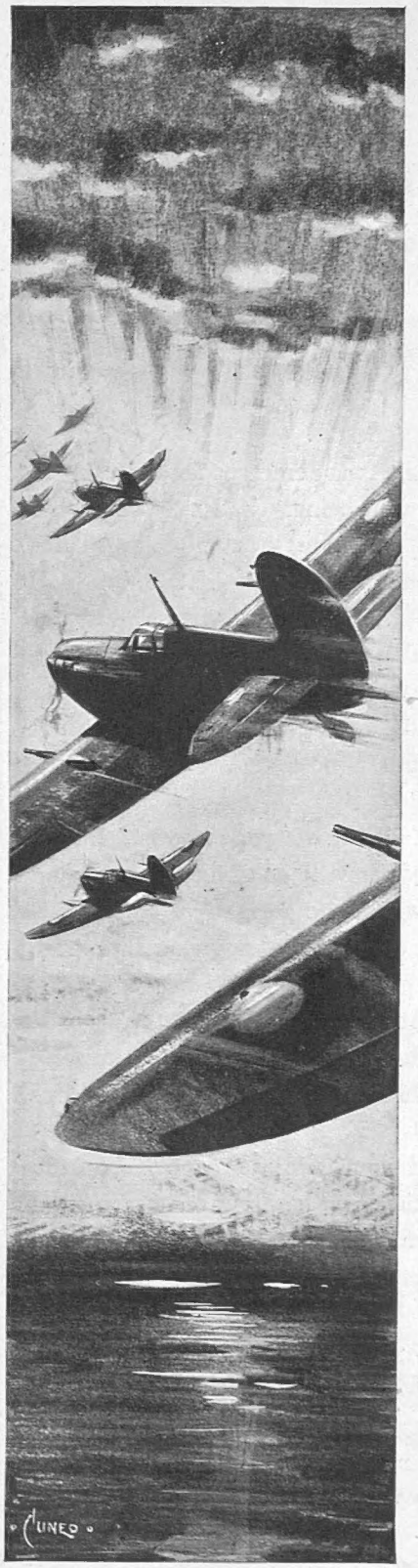
Please remember COW & GATE must only be used for young infants.

© 3155

COW & GATE MILK FOOD
"Babies love it"

There used to be a dreadful 'if'
About the meals of Coral Smith.
Her gravies even at their best
Did not give food that added zest.
The family were inclined to quarrel
With dinner served up à la Coral.
But now their tempers are less hasty
For **BISTO** makes the cooking tasty

the glory on their wings



Night raids . . .
Daylight raids . . .
Intruder raids . . . into
the dawn—across the
bars of sunset,
through rain and storm.
BUT . . . whatever the
weather—
cloudy or clear
there is always . . .
always a glory
on their wings—
for they go to avenge
the innocent,
to break the tyrant,
to release a continent
from slavery . . .
to save mankind.
No enterprise more
glorious in the
story of the world.
Once they were few,
now they are many—
they must be more—
more—and still more,
until only *they* darken
the new dawn . . .
and their tenuous
shadows are the
only darkness
on the fields . . .
and tents . . .
and towns of Europe.
MORE . . .
still MORE.

* * * *

Until this glorious consummation is achieved, we on the civilian front cannot pause or relax. However hard we work, however much we deny ourselves, however much we save from our earnings, our best must be counted short of our needs until Victory is in our grasp. . . . Are you sure that you are saving ENOUGH?

Issued by the National Savings Committee

In many large-scale war emergencies, *Milton* is protecting the nation's well-being. You may have read in the newspapers of its value in combating shelter infection and water contamination.

But the value of *Milton* for your own use must not be forgotten. A nation's strength is built on the health of its citizens. That is why individually we must realise that catarrh, a cold, a dose of 'flu, a sore throat, is not only a personal woe, but a positive weakening of the national front.

Milton kills germs. That everyone knows. But of no less compelling importance is its ability to break up the mucus or pus in which the germs live and thrive.

In a ' thick ' throat or a ' stuffy ' nose you appreciate this action immediately after using *Milton*—either by gargling or spraying. At once, you can ' breathe again ' ! The thickness, the stuffiness, disappears. The excessive nasal secretions in which catarrh thrives—are disintegrated. All clear !

Keep yourself and your family free from catarrh and its infectious associates by gargling or spraying (in the right dilution) with *Milton*, the stable brand of electrolytic sodium hypochlorite.

Milton Antiseptic 8d. *and* 1/11½d. *Ointment* 1/1½d.

KENT
EST. 1777
ENGLAND

Best British Brushes for every need

- BRISTLES TAKE OUT TO WASH
- HANDLEBACK NEVER SPOILT BY WATER
- ABSOLUTE CLEANLINESS AT BRISTLE ROOTS

The KENT-COSBY "Allure"

PERFUME HAIRBRUSH

Brushes beauty and fragrance into your hair!

G. B. KENT & SONS, LTD., 222 REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1

1918-1943

Always

ON ACTIVE SERVICE

IN the long armistice which followed the "cease fire" in 1918, British Railways instituted developments and improvements which could not have been more wisely planned had they known beyond doubt that hostilities would be resumed in 1939. Many millions of money were expended on widening tracks, improving signalling, removing bottlenecks and in a hundred and one other ways which gave the public the fine trains and high speeds prevailing before the war. The railways carried through these improvements during a period of acute depression when they were suffering grave loss year after year. Their courage and foresight have stood the Nation in good stead—for these years of intensive development have made it possible now for British Railways to carry smoothly and efficiently the vast burden of additional freight and passenger services so vital to the war effort.

BRITISH GWR · LMS **RAILWAYS** LNER · SR

Carrying the War Load

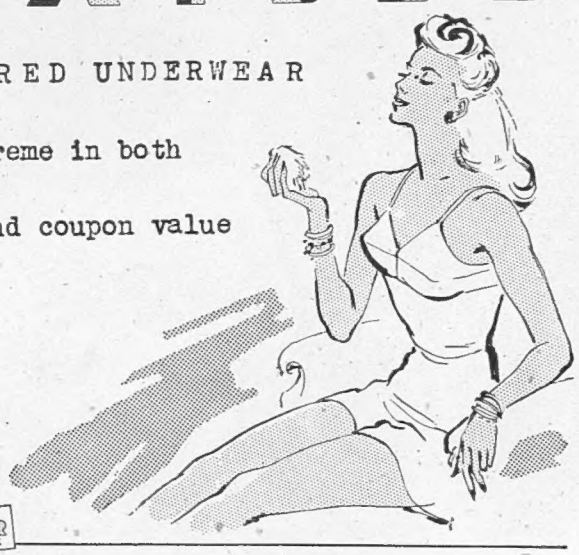
because it's Tailored
because it's made in 7 sizes
because it's still made to the
Kayser idea of style and quality

KAYSER

TAILORED UNDERWEAR

is supreme in both

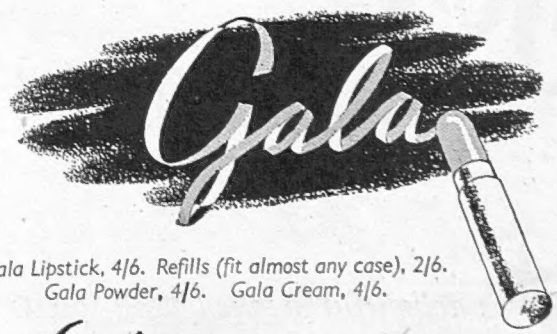
cost and coupon value



KAYSER TRADE MARK

CHARACTER

A WOMAN'S LIPS are a key to her character, and to-day lips have a firmer and more resolute line, for they shape words of command, laugh at danger, and with a smile suppress weariness and pain. A little lipstick gives added character to the mouth and added self-confidence to the wearer. It is for this reason that the makers of Gala continue to manufacture this famous lipstick and suggest that its use in moderation is an asset to our wartime morale.



Gala Lipstick, 4/6. Refills (fit almost any case), 2/6.
Gala Powder, 4/6. Gala Cream, 4/6.

THE *Liveliest* LIPSTICK IN TOWN

I'm an OCTIM*ist* *about floor cleaning*

Be an OCTIM-ist like me! Don't let floor cleaning get you down. Put some OCTIM in a pail of water, wet the floor, leave it on 5 minutes. Then go lightly over the floor, rinse off with clean water—and you could eat off that floor. OCTIM does all manner of household cleaning just as quickly, just as thoroughly. OCTIM gets grease off the oven in minutes instead of hours; yet it's safe for delicate paintwork. Baths, sinks, washing-up—they're all easiest with OCTIM. You can clean clothes, tapestry, carpets—even wash woollies with OCTIM. You need no coupons for this super soapless cleaner. *And* OCTIM cannot hurt your hands. Why not give OCTIM a trial?

If you have any difficulty in obtaining OCTIM please write to Dept. OP.3, Simmonds Products Ltd. A Company of the Simmonds Group, Great West Road, London.

OCTIM REG'D. *Made by Simmonds of Sposs fame*

PRICE 1/10½

THE SEARCHING CLEANER

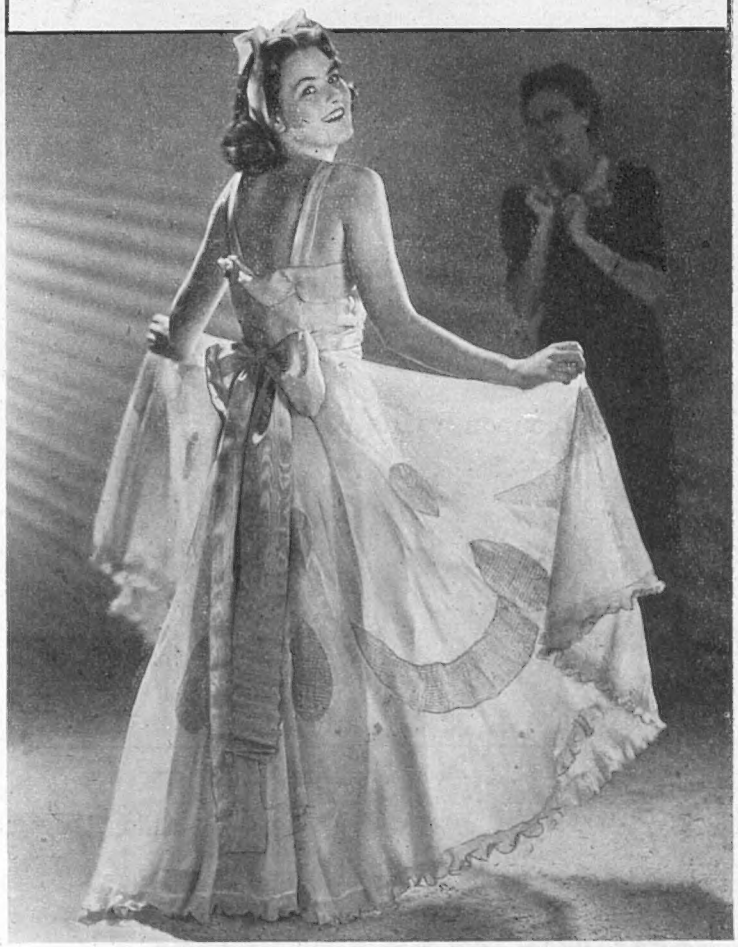
Now that imported waters are no longer available— try something you will like better

Schweppes

MALVERN SPA

Just as delightful blended with spirits

what! no coupons?



What — no coupons needed for all those yards of chiffon? *What about The Board of Trade?*

Ah, but this is a glimpse of the post-war world. When *prettiness* will have come back again . . .

Other pleasant things will come back too . . . Lemons from the fruit-shops and Sea-side holidays with the children . . .

By the time petrol is unrationed again new Standard models will be available . . .

In the meantime, save and work and strive — for victory!

The Standard Motor Co. Ltd., Coventry

His leg wasn't hurting, and he felt suddenly the benison of solitude, and he wasn't scared of the dead men round him because they were still his pals

DESERT

The only Worthy Symbol is—the Symbol of Faith

By Eric Baume

THREE Verey lights hovered, burst into their short life, and fell on the coastal side of the ridge, Tel el Eisa, the Hill of Jesus. The quick night was coming over the desert. Clouds of heavy, oily smoke hung like a wall towards the west, before they mingled with the sudden desert sunset, and little dots of flame wavering and flickering near the western horizon told of tanks dying. Down to the south the thudding of heavy guns was like the monotonous roll of native drums, or notes repeated without surcease upon a single tympanum.

Overhead five American pursuit planes roared towards El Alamein and Alexandria. Higher a Stuka, homeward bound to El Daba, was caught before darkness came by a South African in a Spitfire, and its plunge to the desert floor was even less spectacular than a Brigade Commander's signal flash, fired from a pistol, on some far-distant brigade office truck.

Behind a ridge of sand not five feet high, billowed by a lazy, friendly wind, the Australian sergeant rolled a cigarette and pillowed his head against the little mound, welcoming the first cool air of the desert night running up his shorts. And he sighed with contentment as his sweat began to congeal and his feet became less of a blazing torment—feet wrapped in sand far more akin to self-immolation than the hair shirts of the early hermits who lived, some of them, along the very desert where now the sergeant rested.

His company of the Eighth Infantry had come up in their lorries early that morning. Most of their lorries that night were smashed. The others had gone back to do another job. The "X" Brigade, mostly men from Queensland, had found their first day against Rommel's New Army of more interest than their long period of inactivity.

The sergeant, having been at Tobruk originally, knew his desert. He had known it at home. It was no new experience for him to broil in 120 degrees by day and freeze in a sleeping bag at night. For that is the law of the desert—in Australia as well as in Egypt, Tibet as well as in Mexico. Apart from his city men who balanced the platoon with the shearers, and the station hands, and the jockeys, and the country townsmen, most of the sergeant's flock knew the desert, most of them had lived—or died—at Tobruk, had stripped Italian Generals at Benghazi and Bardia, had been interrupted by naval patrols in Alexandrian honkey-tonks, had cursed their cheerful way through Lebanon to Tyre, Cairo to the coast. The sergeant, his cigarette going well, its light shielded now in the sudden darkness by his cupped hand as he smoked, glanced involuntarily at his rifle leaning against his sand pillow. Across the open space of No-Man's-Land, bare as a bald man's head, with stones its only dandruff, nothing could be seen except an occasional flash, after which the lazy evening rattle of a machine-gun cracked more violently than the dull booming of the southern guns.

This lonely place was an objective. It had been taken. A mile away was another company. It may have had its officers. But the sergeant was the king where he lay, for there was no one around him alive, and he had been already five hours alone. A few yards away five men lay in grotesque contortions of what was once life. Three of them were company officers. Further down to the left, a shell hole which the dawn would show to be reddened with human specks, had accounted for more men than even the sergeant cared to think about. They shouldn't have been so close together.

The sergeant breathed contentedly again. They'd send a runner for him. His water-bottle was full. He'd been used to the sun, so the midday glare hadn't worried him, for he always took his big hat because he liked it, and in any case a steel helmet was O.K. to make stew in but darned uncomfortable on the head.

By his rifle was the Bren gun, mounted ready. Lanky, lying beside him with a bullet through his head, had always been careful, the sergeant thought. He was sorry for Blue who caught a shell splinter the size of a typewriter. What used to be Blue was huddled almost in a V in front of the gun. V for victory; the sergeant sat and smiled a bit, and thought kindly of Blue, and of Lanky, and of Bert, Bill, Stinker, Rubberguts, and those of his own gang who were around him in spirit, if over their shadowed bodies was the endless silence they had found.

Heavy bombers began over him now. "I wonder where they're going?" he said to himself. "Cripes, I hope they give it to 'em at Tobruk. Bloody shame about those South Africans. Marvellous about those Guards. By cripes, you can't beat 'em. You can't beat any English soldier, for that matter. They've got a steel canister where their guts should be. It takes a bullet to pierce that, because you don't get bayonets reaching a British soldier, by cripes."

And then, as one does in the evening, he remembered the day and the doings of the day. Battle aftermath, they say, is like childbirth. You forget the frenzy and the fear, the

tumult and the torture, and the sight of flowing blood or blue-yellow stuff from the brain, or blue-black guts when a fellow tries to hold them in and get the shell splinter or bomb fragment out.

The only thing that didn't happen that afternoon, the sergeant said to himself, was that the panzers didn't come along. They lumbered down a mile away, because he could see them. He was watching them when the big shell blew his platoon to pieces, and when twenty other shells blew the rest of the company to Kingdom Come. As far as he could remember—for he had to work the gun alone, and serve it and nurse it and curse it—he had seen the panzers going back.

Then he remembered the company of German Infantry—the Italians were far away as far as he knew—which came over towards all that was left of his platoon when the barrage had stopped; and then for some crazy reason were blown to pieces, most of them, by an enthusiastic British airman who dropped bombs on them and waved as he dropped. It never reached the dignity of a bayonet charge. It was just a massacre. The Germans got massacred as much as the Australians. "Why the hell shouldn't they?" he asked himself. "After all, it's just plain war. In war you get massacred; that's the end of it."

HE remembered seeing the Germans, or what was left of them, waver after the bombs. He remembered machine-gunning half a dozen of them. Then he had other work to do and nothing else happened. That was why he sat down to wait for night. Actually he sat down because he couldn't stand up. Machine-gun bullets had run across his right knee in a perfect line. "By cripes," he said, "when the Doc has a look at this he'll find the thing's punctured as neatly as when you're doing a series on a rifle range."

He remembered as he lay in the cool which was gradually becoming more cold than cool, that everything about his emergency dressing was right. He remembered also with a great deal of pleasure that no artery had been struck, as far as he knew. The blood was seeping, not spurting; and apart from the fact that his leg was as stiff as hell he wasn't complaining.

"The desert's not a very good home for tetanus, either," he said to himself. "By cripes, you'd get more in a Chinese rock garden at Rockhampton than here. In any case, they put those lousy needles in me often enough."

The sergeant took a sip of water. It was not brackish. Because he was a good sergeant and an old hand at the business, there were two inches of rum at the bottom of the water bottle. He'd always told his platoon. "By cripes," he said, "if they don't come up in the morning for me I'll have to crawl round and get the other folks' bottles, those that haven't been blown. I may have a go through their pockets, if they've got any pockets," he said. "They might have some things they want sent back to some old Dad or Mum. By cripes," he thought, "that's the tough part. They sit up there on the selection or in the house, they get a message saying Bill's missing or dead or something. By cripes, it's terrible for them, isn't it. Well," he said, "I dunno. Sleep? By cripes, yes."

He settled his head on his sandy cushion, and his leg wasn't hurting him, and he felt suddenly the benison of solitude, and he wasn't scared of the dead men around him because they were still his pals, although the difference between them and him was that he could say "I am," and they could not say a single world. And he settled down with his eyes drooping, as the guns in the south let up and only a stray shot from a rifle stood out from the desert night in which even the movement of the air can be heard, and to those who hear it is a lullaby. "No dingoes here," he said, and grinned again. "Few scorpions, perhaps. Otherwise nothing but sky and stars you can reach out and pluck, and a good rest and Jake by the morning."

As far as he could remember—for he had to work the gun alone, and serve it and nurse it and curse it—he had seen the panzers going back

HIS doze ended with a start. He sat up and reached for his rifle, not wildly but slowly as a trained soldier does, fingers groping for the safety catch.

Illustrated by
Edward Osmond

Something that grunted and wheezed was coming near to him. It was coming nearer. It couldn't be an animal, therefore it must be a man. It was wheezing like an asthmatic smoking a forbidden cigarette. Then all of a sudden it sobbed, and he knew it wasn't an Australian or an Englishman, or for that matter an Italian, for an Italian cries like a baby while a German sobs like a stricken gorilla, unable to beat its chest, realising for the first time its weakness with its strength gone.

"Come up, whoever you are," he called. "Come on, and no funny business."

Up to the sandy pillow came the Oberleutnant, sobbing as he slouched; his right arm hung shattered, a tourniquet above the elbow, not bleeding but sodden with blood.

"Who 's with you?" said the sergeant. "I 'll shoot the lights out of you now, in front of the lot of them. I suppose you can't speak English?"

The German officer swayed in front of him, threw down his revolver and said: "Don't be a fool. I 'm your prisoner, there 's no one near me. Anyway, you saw it happen, didn't you, this afternoon?"

And then, because they were both men they began to laugh, and the sobbing stopped, and the Australian handed the Oberleutnant a cigarette and he lit it. While the sergeant emptied the magazine of the German's revolver, and ordered him to bend down to be searched more fully, which the German did, there was an interval of silence. Then the German said: "A bloody awful show. Did you see that plane?"

"Too right," said the sergeant. "I saw it. Made a dent in you, didn't it?"

The officer grinned. But the sergeant couldn't see the tears in his eyes. "So, if you call it a dent," he said, "I call it a damned steam-roller. We never expected that. We knew the tanks were further south, and we reckoned we had you properly."

The German was angry. "I am a prisoner. Before you came along the Australian and I were talking like two men. Now you're talking pap!"

"Well," said the sergeant, "you did, too. Have a look around you, or at least have a look in the morning when you can see. Now that you're my prisoner and I can blow the guts out of you if you try any funny business, I'll tell you I'm the only bloke alive here."

The Oberleutnant nodded. "By God!" he said, "so am I. And here we are, and I'd like a drink." He passed the sergeant a half bottle of cognac from his own haversack. "It's good brandy," he said, "but I'd rather have some of your rum."

"With water," said the sergeant. "Here you are." He knocked the top from the brandy bottle. "Cheerio, mud in your eye, good health."

"Cheerio," said the German. They drank. "It's funny," said the German, "this reminds me very much of that scene in 'All Quiet on the Western Front.' I read that book once, you know. I would have got hell if I had been caught. It was the French soldier and the German soldier then, wasn't it? One of them was dead then, wasn't he? I don't know. In any case, we're both alive. My arm's sore, and I suppose your leg is. After all, our talking doesn't end the war. We've got you British bitched, anyway. It's only a question of time. You've had every chance in Egypt, you've had every chance in Libya, but you don't seem to have been able to make any reasonable progress."

The sergeant was serious. "I don't say you're too altogether wrong about that, you know, Jerry," he drawled. "It hasn't been so much fun. I don't know what went wrong. All I know is you've got to be beaten and you're going to be beaten. You chaps individually are probably all right, though I've never liked you. I saw what some of you did up in New Guinea: at least the old man told me about things that happened before the last war. And I wasn't too keen on the things you did in Europe—in Czechoslovakia, and a few other places."

The German laughed. "Good old Australia," he said. "I wish I had gone out there to have a look at the place, but you see we used to go to Oxford; it was nearer. It seems you have the same ability to swallow Jewish propaganda as the English."

"Yeah," said the sergeant, "you may be right, but you know a lot of things don't lie, including the camera. I once owed an old Jew bloke fifty quid. I could have cut his heart out for the interest he charged; but I wanted the money. But don't think because I don't like the man who lent me the money that I'd feel like wiping his beard on the pavement, or beating his guts out with a rubber truncheon."

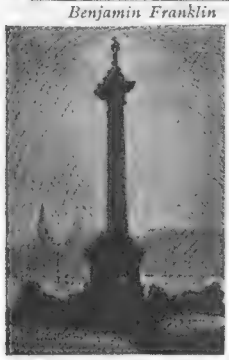
"My dear Australian," said the German, "that's all tripe. We have a job to do. We do it in the way our forefathers did it. We are the tribes across the Rhine. By God, the world (*Continued on p. 62*)

Anglomania

by NEGLEY FARSON

George Washington

Benjamin Franklin



Trafalgar Square

The Statue of Liberty

In an Indian City

I THINK the best thing that can be done about Anglo-American relations would be to do nothing at all. I mean this seriously; we are too much alike not to see what we might consider unpardonable differences in each other; yet we are too far apart—in our modes of thought—to be able to grasp what are more often than not, the innocent reason for these differences. The average American tourist, for example, comes to Europe with a feeling of democratic friendliness in his heart. In England, because you speak the same language, he expects to find cheerful companionship during his travels; half of the fun of travel is talking to people whom you meet—especially, to any thoughtful person, in listening to them. Therefore, as you are customarily polite, you will listen to one of these anxious-to-be-friendly Americans talking earnestly upon some subject for half an hour; after which you will say (without the least sign that you have noticed anything) "Oh, yes?" Whereupon the American traveller will go upstairs to his hotel bedroom and throw pillows at the wall. He will entirely forget that we have a similar expression, denoting scepticism: "Oh, yeah!"

That is small, but basic; your traditional reserve, sometimes innocent (and sometimes not) is just as hard for you to shake off as is our lack of it. It is said that American biographers of George Washington, of the New England Puritan, goody-goody school, could never write a true picture of that great American—because he was really an English gentleman whose estates happened to lie in Virginia. Patriotic Americans hotly deny this, saying that Washington was an American of the eighteenth century, a reserved country gentleman whose type vanished with our Civil War. So, until recent muckraking biographers, inspired by Lytton Strachey's *Eminent Victorians* (who showed Gordon with a bottle of brandy in one hand and a Bible in the other) took to hunting deliberately for human flaws in our great men's characters, the George Washington of the fictitious cherry-tree, and the priggish "I cannot tell a lie, sir" was taught and held up to us young Americans as our model—much to our disgust. Between the two schools of thought, as it is so "late" now, George Washington, as a man, will forever remain in the mists of the past.

Benjamin Franklin, however, will not. For he was, above everything else, a "joiner"—a public man who to-day would be a Rotarian, an Elk, a B.P.O.E.; the head of every movement for civic betterment—in short, a very intelligent Babbit. We read with incredulity, that he was such a success in England; although it does not occur to us as at all strange that he was fêted as the man of the hour in Lafayette's France. More discerning biographers might, however, be more particular and show that most of his public esteem came from his position in the public eye as a scientist and philosopher, rather than as a "home-spun" diplomat—and that, in their hearts, the very French who fêted him spoke of him among themselves as a "rough diamond."

THE French never expected Franklin to be like them; but, the chances are, the British did; and I'd love to read the contemporary British gossip about Franklin—I am certain that his (apparently) simple and straightforward ways of wanting to make friends might have been talked over in the aristocratic English clubs as something that would have to be put up with—"if you want to keep on good terms with the Colonies." As an American correspondent in London, a large part of whose job it was to follow the British reaction to and acceptance of our ambassadors, I have frequently come across this very attitude: I have known ambassadors who made it a deliberate point to be uncouth—one who made it a point to spit, very accurately, at certain objects in the pattern of his carpet in 4 Grosvenor Square—yet, as long as he never wavered in that policy, we all knew that he would be a success. He had, actually, a very shrewd knowledge of just exactly what the British were saying about him—and he played up to it. It was one of the most pleasurable mornings of my "work" with him to come into the Embassy one morning and be handed the typewritten copy of a speech he was to make in a few days, at a great public dinner, about Anglo-American relations. The gist of it was revealed in a crisp remark he made as he handed it, with a well-aimed side spit into the fireplace, for me to read. He barked: "To hell with this 'hands across the sea stuff'—I'm telling them that we Americans will only act when we see it is to our own selfish, best interests. Any fool ought to know that."

But, after I had read the speech, I saw that he had hammered home, in paragraph after telling paragraph, that there were few points in Anglo-American relations where the best interest of one country was not also in the best interests of the other—in other words, that the welfare of both these two great nations was, at the base, inextricably bound together. That, in conclusion, it was one of the strongest bids for an *announced* Anglo-American co-operation—a couplet—in world affairs that I had ever read. I handed it to him.

"Like it?" he asked.

I smiled.

He paced the room. "They believe you," he snapped, turning from the window, "when you come down to case cards—and put it on the very lowest basis of self-interest. All you've got to do—and nobody's done it yet—is *explain* these self-interests. And that's one helluva job!"

THAT, as it happens, is just the very job we both face to-day. That's why I say that the best thing to do about Anglo-American relations would be, perhaps, not to do anything. Let sleeping dogs lie. I'll tell you why. First: Who is capable of explaining these interests? Is some English gentleman, entirely unaware of the counter-currents of great commercial interests, able to explain to the people of the United States where, or where not, these great financial forces (who, until this war, at least, ran this world) should pool their interests? No. He is not even capable, or in a position, to explain the influence of London City upon the foreign policy of England—*to the people of his own country.*

Can left-wing intellectuals—who are only too anxious to throw the spotlight on the working of these vested interests on both sides of the Atlantic—explain, to the Americans, or our brand explain to you, where our national interests lie in these connections? No. They cannot explain it in a convincing way even to the people (*Continued on page* 66)

Heaven's Artillery

Some Strange and Peculiar Effects Resulting from the Enormous Power Produced by Lightning

By Frank W. Lane

A FLASH of lightning streaked down from the sky and struck a factory chimney. Twin copper cables on the chimney caught the flash and carried it harmlessly to earth.

Before the lightning bolt escaped it recorded its current on a dial. When engineers examined the dial they found that 160,000 amperes had been registered and it was estimated that the voltage was about 15,000,000. The momentary energy of this stroke was about two and a half thousand million kilowatts or probably a hundred times greater than the capacity of all the generating stations in this country.

It is small wonder that a flash of lightning has been described as the greatest concentration of power in nature. Dr. W. J. Humphreys, of the United States Weather Bureau, has calculated the energy of lightning on the basis of horse-power, and writing of one heavy discharge he says: "The total energy transformed, or dissipated, by this one discharge would be the equivalent of 14,000 horse-power continuously for twenty-four hours."

The lightning flash takes place in an almost unbelievably short time. Modern scientists, working with high-speed cameras and other technical apparatus, have managed to analyse the lightning stroke and have revealed that it is a much more complex phenomenon than was once thought.

A flash of lightning begins with a short luminous "dart" seeking the easiest channel to earth. The dart travels at 5,000 miles per *second*, ionising the air and thus making it electrically conductive for the main flash. Immediately the dart reaches the earth the main lightning flash, travelling at an average speed of 28,500 miles per second, soars upward along the path made by the dart. This main flash resembles a soaring flame and often casts out branches as it ascends.

All this electrical activity is measured in thousandths of a second. When a flash appears to last for a whole second it is actually a number of separate flashes which occur, but as human vision cannot register less than one-tenth of a second the observer sees just one continual flash. The unleashing of the terrific energy contained in a lightning flash in a fraction of a second causes some amazing things to happen to objects and beings unfortunate enough to be struck. The famous French astronomer, Camille Flammarion, has made a collection of some of these incidents, and the following are some of the "believe it or not" occurrences which he and others have recorded.

A FREAK photograph of a Swiss storm. Photographer was taking photographs of a storm over a Swiss lake and when the plates were developed, one of them produced this "outsize" in lightning flashes

[*Reproduced by courtesy of the Royal Meteorological Society*

A SCENE from the woods showing a typical example of the power of lightning

Lightning sometimes acts like a freak thief. A man was having a drink from a mug. Suddenly a flash of lightning struck the mug, snatched it out of the man's hand and deposited it, undamaged, in a nearby courtyard. The man himself suffered no injury—but I imagine he was mightily surprised.

A boy singing in a church had his hymn-book torn out of his hand and destroyed. Lightning has whisked a whip out of a rider's hand and "stolen" the needles out of the hands of two ladies who were sitting quietly knitting.

An even more surprising trick was played by lightning on a girl who was sitting at her sewing-machine with a pair of scissors in her hand. There was a brilliant flash of light, the scissors were spirited away and the girl found herself sitting *on* the sewing-machine.

AN unusual picture of heat lightning, taken from the roof of a San Francisco building during a storm which broke a heat wave that had kept the inhabitants of the Californian coast sweltering for almost two weeks

(*Right*)
A LIGHTNING flash striking the Washington Monument at Washington. The aviator's warning light in the monument was put out of commission

But lightning is not always so gentle in its dealings with human beings. One man, who boasted a fine beard, had it taken clean off, roots and all, so that it never grew again. Men have received a direct stroke from lightning and have been cleft in two, as though by a gigantic axe. Others have died instantaneously, electrocuted by a million volts. Sometimes when a body is struck it is completely dried up so that, although appearing to be intact, when touched it falls to pieces.

The enormous power inherent in a lightning flash can be gauged from some of the effects it produces. Lightning once struck the topgallant mast of a sailing ship. The mast weighed a third of a ton. In an instant the whole mast was shivered into tiny fragments, and the debris covered the deck of the ship like rubbish from a carpenter's shop. Another wooden ship was literally *cut in two* by a terrific bolt of lightning and sank in three minutes.

And it's not wood alone which is blasted by heaven's mighty artillery. A rock measuring 150 feet by 10 feet by 4 feet was once struck. The lightning broke it into pieces. When the belfry of a church was hit, lightning tossed a lump of stone weighing one a half hundredweights on to the roof of a building nearly 200 feet away. Hard stone is pulverised to powder and glass windows vanish instantaneously when lightning is on the rampage. The sudden and intense heating which occurs along the path of the lightning discharge is responsible for some strange effects. When trees are struck the almost instantaneous volatilisation of their sap causes it to explode like dynamite and shatter the tree; pictures hanging on walls sometimes crash to the ground because lightning melts the nails holding the frames together; lightning has melted a woman's ear-ring but did not kill the woman who was wearing it; gold chains have been evaporated while being worn round people's necks; and once a flash of lightning fused a watch and chain into a single lump in a man's pocket.

YET with all its destructiveness, lightning sometimes plays the Good Samaritan. It once struck a field of potatoes and cooked them all to a turn. It has brought birds out of the sky and deposited them, half cooked, at grateful peasants' doors. Lightning once knocked a man unconscious, but when he woke up he was cured of the rheumatism from which he had suffered for years. And it is to lightning that the whole earth is indebted for many millions of tons of fertilisers which lightning manufactures from the atmosphere, and causes to be deposited over much of the earth's surface each year.

And what of the danger from lightning? This comes, chiefly, from fire. In the United States, lightning is the sixth most frequent cause of fire, and is responsible for nearly half of all the fires which occur in the national forests. But the danger of being directly struck by lightning is almost negligible. The individual's chances of being hit are about one in a quarter of a million, and the chances of being fatally hit are one in a million. In other words, you are about as likely to be killed from lightning as you are from tripping over the carpet or from being murdered.

Nevertheless, a few safety hints may be of useful interest. The safest places in a house during a thunderstorm are, unfortunately, the least habitable —the refrigerator and the furnace. The most dangerous spot is generally in front of the fireplace.

It is wise, in a storm, to stay away from walls, fireplaces and radiators. The centre of the room is safest providing this position does not place you between a conductor leading from (*Continued on page* 67)

A DOUBLE discharge of lightning on each side of a water tower

LIGHTNING striking the Empire State Building, New York City

Reproduced by courtesy of "The Sphere"

THE new corvettes of the Royal Navy are the terror of the U-boats. The picture reproduced here shows one of these handy fearless little fellows dealing with a German submarine. The latter, after having been damaged by depth charges, has been forced to surface; the corvette completes the destruction with close-range gunfire

Little Warriors of the Atlantic

By Frank H. Shaw

SOMETHING with considerable hitting power, something with better speed than a surfaced U-boat; something, above all, capable of keeping the sea in all weathers for long periods, that was what Hitler's submarine threat demanded. Destroyers were costly, took a long time to build and equip; required large crews. They were needed for aggressive operations, moreover, such as at Narvik; harrying powerful commerce raiders. We were lamentably short of this type of craft; and then genius devised the corvette, the modern successor to Nelson's old-time general utility ship : something smaller than a frigate but capable of putting up a worth-while show.

To-day's corvettes differ vastly from Nelson's. But they are doing better work than his fast little fighters ever did. This persisting Atlantic battle would tell a very different story but for the audacious little warriors who bear the brunt of the fiercest sea fight ever known to man.

Having met corvettes all over the Atlantic in the least likely places, more often than not; having sailed in them, watched them at work under the most exacting conditions in weather that might have troubled a first-class battleship, or even a racing Cunarder, I feel it incumbent on me to let the public know something about the work they do in protecting the invaluable convoys that keep Britain alive and functioning to-day.

In some respects corvettes are like destroyers in miniature, but they are craftily designed for the exact role they are required to play. Destroyers may often be required to go into savage action against the biggest enemy ships afloat; they need high speed for this purpose to enable them to dodge hostile fire, or to overtake and engage protective small craft screening the enemy fleets. A corvette has only a dual role : to keep U-boats in their place—at the bottom of the sea—and to beat off air attacks. They would only, as a last resort, be required to engage overwhelmingly superior forces, consequently they specialise more in depth-charges and ack ack armaments than in powerful armour-piercing guns. One 4-inch capable of tackling a surfaced U-boat is the principal weapon. The anti-aircraft armament varies somewhat, and it would not be policy to disclose it; but it is adequate for dealing either with high- or low-fliers. But depth-charges, huge cylinders of high explosive whose fuses can be adjusted to explode the T.N.T. at varying depths, are the main equipment, whether these charges be arranged to drop from the stern or to be fired from a Y gun. The depth-charge is the only really worth while reply to the submarine. So corvettes carry them in abundance and use them with the wholesale enthusiasm used in throwing confetti at a wedding.

The engines need only be of comparatively low power, and that means easy and economical building—useful when corvettes must be turned out by wholesale. Since no great deeds of derring-do are required of them, they do not need to carry torpedoes, the destroyer's main weapon, and no torpedo crews, thus economy in man power is effected.

THEN, too, the problem of man power is partially solved by the employment of these handy little Atlantic warriors. A modern destroyer carries a complement of close on two hundred men, all of them specialists. A corvette is amply manned by a very much smaller crew, and three corvettes can do far more damage to a U-boat pack than can one destroyer. Three corvettes can be built and commissioned for the price of one destroyer easily. And, not needing to carry a reserve of fuel for brief spells of high-speed steaming, their bunker capacity enables them to keep the seas for much longer periods without refuelling than in the case of the lean, bigger ships.

They are ideal private commands, and their command officering is almost exclusively the prerogative of the Royal Naval Reserve and the R.N.V.R. The best way to get the very best out of a volunteer seaman is to entrust him with a responsible task : it incites his zeal, it keeps him on his toes in a constant rivalry with the Regular Navy. But to entrust a volunteer officer, whether a professional seaman from the R.N.R. or an enthusiastic yachtsman from the R.N.V.R., with such a highly responsible command as a destroyer, which, it must be remembered, only does escort work as a sideline when nothing more important is afoot, would be foreign to the Admiralty's custom.

The average corvette carries a R.N.R. commander, probably a naval volunteer navigator, and another R.N.R. man as first lieutenant; a warrant engineer is in charge of the engine room, and he, not so long ago, was probably junior engineer aboard a liner or a tramp; and the big majority of the lower deck personnel are either R.N.R. ratings, or "hostilities only" men, drawn from every walk of life : law (*Continued on page* 64)

The Nelson Touch

The Newspaper Man searched for a Story, but he might just as well have searched for the Pot of Gold where the Rainbow Ends as to get a Story from the Silent Service

By Day Russell

SOMETIMES the British can be damned annoying.

A war correspondent can't do anything without co-operation, and sometimes the British just won't co-operate.

Take the case of Baby-blue-eyes and Cornstalk, for instance. It was bad enough to miss Dieppe, but I thought I could recover prestige by picking up a good story on the sidelines.

It was Gertie who gave me the lead.

I met Gertie in the French pub in Soho, not in person, but in a toast.

There were three naval lieutenants at the bar and I saw them lift their glasses.

"To Gertie, may she never sink!"

Their faces were so young for two stripes and their reverence for Gertie so evident that I smelled human interest. I introduced myself.

The one with the baby blue eyes looked at his companions. "Newspaperman!" he murmured.

"Obviously," said number two.

"Excuse please," said the third.

That should have frozen me out, but for the fact that I know a Canadian as soon as he opens his mouth.

I smiled at number three.

"Canadian?" I asked.

He weakened and said: "Sure!"

Baby-blue-eyes took number three by the arm. "Come on, Cornstalk. Remember what happened to the Air Force."

"What happened to the Air Force?" I asked.

Baby-blue-eyes was cool. "It was raided by the fourth estate and has been plastered all over the press ever since. The poor blighters can't even take a bath in private nowadays."

I sidestepped the implication and turned to Cornstalk.

There was something in the tilt of his cap, something in the happy-go-lucky smile, that was immediately attractive.

"I apologise," I said. But I couldn't let him slip away as easily as that. I took a chance. "Who is Gertie?"

"Gertie?" said Cornstalk with an easy grin. "Gertie is the lady behind the bar of the 'Admiral Benbow.'"

"Cornstalk," said Baby-blue-eyes in a particularly British accent. "You talk too much."

I raised my glass. "To Gertie," I said. "May she never grow fat."

That sent all three into a roar of laughter and they downed their beer and went out singing into the London streets.

I made a few deductions: forty-eight hours leave, probably from somewhere on the South Coast; Gertie was a central feature in their lives; therefore they must be permanently stationed at some small fishing port with one ancient inn, the "Admiral Benbow." All of them were very young to be full lieutenants; that suggested dangerous work, probably motor torpedo boats. I looked up next day a book about old English inns and found the "Admiral Benbow" at Bridgport, on the South Coast. It just shows how much a spy can figure out from practically nothing.

THE next weekend I was down at Bridgport in the bar of the "Admiral Benbow" talking to Gertie in person.

Gertie was red-faced, bronze-haired, plump, and somewhere under forty, definitely the boss in her own bar. She gave the impression that she summed up her customers in the first glance and made friends of them for life with her second. What happened if one did not get as far as the second I do not know, because I graduated with honours.

"Nice to have someone round these parts who has to shave in the mornings," said Gertie, drawing me a half and half.

"They have to be young for that job," I said.

Gertie rubbed down her bar with a vigorous plump arm.

"Young! The things some of them say to me, and without even a blush, mark you."

"Youthful spirits," I said.

"Well," said Gertie. "They've got to 'ave spirit to go out there in some of the weather they goes out in. But it ain't the 'eavy weather what's the worst, 'cos Jerry don't like the 'eavy weather. It's the fog that 'e comes creeping out in."

I crossed to the window of the old inn. Down below I could see the ragged camouflage nets strung across the harbour, their strips hanging bedraggled in the clear September sunlight. Underneath the nets, where the fishing boats once idly waited for their tides, there lay a flotilla of sleek M.T.B.s outside their row of pens.

Illustrated by W. Smithson-Broadhead

"WHO should be there, and me in my old pink dressing-gown and paper curlers, but 'er, the admiral's daughter"

Half stripped, their crews swarmed over them, cleaning guns, loading magazines, tuning the engines. The air hummed with the throb of powerful engines turning gently over.

Gertie knew what I was watching.

"You'd think them boats was babies the way they tends them. And even when they're up 'ere they can't talk of nothing else. Every time they has a 'do,' they goes over it again and again with matches on the table over there—that long one in the window there, where the sun's coming in. I see 'em doing it so often, believe me, I get to wondering if I ain't one of them meself."

Gertie continued to rub her counter, obviously glad to have someone to speak to in the empty bar.

"I know all the moves and I know all the arguments they have. There's Winkle, who fancies zigzagging in, line astern, cutting across the enemy lines and plastering 'em one at a time, good and proper. Then there's Toppy, who favours zigzagging in, line abreast, each man picking his own to get as many of 'em as they can in the shortest time.

"But in the end they all does as Cornstalk says: they go in like one of them Canadian ice-hockey teams with what he calls 'checks' and 'assists,' aiming at the biggest ship in the convoy and swiping the E's that get in their way. But 'eavy weather or fog, when they gets out there after a Jerry convoy running the French coast—if you ask me, it's always a 'ell of a mix-up. Just like a game of hockey, says Cornstalk, and them that can think fastest, move fastest, and keep their sticks working—'e means his guns—wins. But it's a 'ell of a lot more dangerous if you ask me, the way them boys keeps going out and not coming back—what with war and love——"

"Love?" I was sure Gertie dropped that last word just to get that question.

"Love, yes. Bless your soul, the admiral won't have any of it around here, what with this being a restricted area, and the admiral saying as love is enemy agent number one because it makes kids talk about themselves. Not that 'im or all the admirals in the world can stop love, not they! But every one of them boys that gets engaged, off he packs 'em to the big ships."

"Love and duty don't mix."

"All according to which way you looks at it. That's what I says to Cornstalk."

"Cornstalk?" I crossed back to the bar again. "He's the Canadian, isn't he?"

"That's it, same as you. I spotted you as soon as you come in—you all talk to the ladies like you'd known 'em all your life—not that I mind, mark you. I like a bit of familiarity, in the right place, of course. As I say, the British navy's too much the other way—the officers, I mean, not them others.

"Cornstalk, now 'e's the same as you, easy with the girls, and that's what gets him ahead of the others with the admiral's daughter."

"The admiral's daughter?"

"No less," said Gertie, shaking out her duster to get a new rubbing surface.

"I thought you said the admiral——"

"She's a lovely girl, if ever I saw one, one of the Wrens up at the decoding station—as nice a girl as ever you saw—but too much starch, just like her old man——"

"But I thought you said——"

Gertie fixed me with a reproachful eye for interrupting a lady.

"She's keen on the boys too, or would she walk down here? Believe me, starch or no starch, they all like to see a pair of trousers once in a while. But when she comes she's too stiff to unbend. As for the boys—why they might have been in a battle in the Channel the night before, but as soon as she appears they get to blushing and stammering like a bunch of kids—all except Cornstalk, of course. The first time she comes in he says what they says in them American films: 'Hya babe!' he says, just like that! You could have 'eard a pin drop. I had to laugh; I could see it knocked her all of a heap, 'er being used to respect on account of her old man—and it knocked the other boys so they couldn't say anything.

"But does Cornstalk care? Not 'im. 'Es got a proper wicked eye, that boy. 'E goes on talking and she keeps looking at the freckles across his nose and I says to myself, it just shows. It's what Drake said—'e was an English admiral before they got starchy—it's the bold what takes the fair, 'e said.

"And that night Cornstalk, 'e comes to me and 'e says: 'Gertie, I'm sunk.'

"She's a nice girl, I says; and that's all we did say, me being delicate where feelings are concerned.

"Then the next day 'e was up 'ere looking gloomy-like and I says to him: 'You know what the admiral thinks about love. And 'is own daughter, too. You wouldn't like to be pushed out on one of them nasty minesweeeprs, not after them M.T.B.s.'

"Then 'e says: 'Gertie, I love them boats.'

"It's not like Cornstalk to speak 'is heart out in public like that, so I knows immediate-like that Cornstalk 'as it bad. 'E couldn't bear the thought of being packed off and 'e couldn't bottle up his

"THE first time she comes in he says what they says in them American films: 'Hya babe!' he says, just like that!"

feelings about the girl, so there 'e is, in what you might call a spot.

"I says to 'im: 'You'd better do something or you'll be no good either way.'

"I could see what the admiral's idea was then. Love's no good to them boys; takes their mind off their work so to speak.

"THEN came the 'do'; you know, the Dieppe 'do.' Just after they come back from leave up in London, and, would you believe it, the admiral said he wasn't going to be out of it, so off he goes with them in Cornstalk's boat. I'm in bed, but I hears them tuning up the boats, it sounds like a thousand of them bombing planes, so I gets up to watch 'em. It's a lovely sight as they goes off, line abreast, out to the breakwater in the dark and the wakes of them boats slicing the harbour with phosphorescence till you think the whole water's full of green light. Then they're gone into the night and all you can hear is the noise of them powerful engines getting smaller.

"I feel in me bones something's up; every time they go out I get to worrying about them boys—kids, that's all they are—thinking which won't come back this time, and I can't sleep no more so I starts to make a cup of tea.

"Then there's a knock at the door, a quiet kind of knock, and I opens it. Who should be there, and me in my old pink dressing-gown and paper curlers, but 'er, the admiral's daughter.

"Soon as I see 'er, I see as it's no ordinary call. She could 'ave waited down at their quarters, but I see it's one woman turning to another, for all her starch, at a time when a woman needs another woman. So although I looks a sight, I says: 'Come in, dearie, come in and 'ave a cup of tea.'

"That lets the starch out of her with a little kind of sigh, so I says, over the cup of tea—we're sitting there by that window watching—I says: 'It's 'im, is it?'

"Then she says, crisp-like: 'Daddy's gone with them.'

"But you can't fool me; I know it's because she's got two men out there, not one, that she's come down to wait.

"'That's all right, dearie,' I says; and I took 'er 'and. Not that I'm not thinking the same as she is. When you get to know them boys the same as I do, day in day out, you get to feel like you're their mother, not that you'd think so from the things they say to me sometimes. But sitting there in the night it's different. Then we could 'ear the guns across the other side and the airyplanes was going over continuous.

"'It's the real thing,' I says, 'this time.' But all she does is to squeeze my 'and a little tighter. Funny the way that quiet kind, when they fall in love, they fall real 'ard.

"Well, anyway, it gets to breakfast time and I can't sit there waiting all day, what with all the work there is to do round this place and with no help too. So I gets breakfast with the boss and his missus and serves her some out here. Then I says to her: 'It don't do no good to wait around doing nothing,' I says, 'come and help me with the washing up.'

"The missus is shocked, me talking like that to an admiral's daughter, but I says under the skin an admiral's daughter's the same as anybody else's daughter and if she's got nothing else to do there's nothing like a bit of washing up to take your mind off things. Would you believe it, she takes off her uniform jacket and helps me and she doesn't break a dish. That tells me she's the right kind for a nice boy like Cornstalk.

"Well, it's teatime before we hears them engines way out in the bay coming back, and we both of us waits at that window there. Then they (*Continued on page* 52)

A CHERRY orchard in full blossom at Prestwood, Bucks

"Go To The Woods And Hills"

By M. Lovett Turner

THERE are mystics who would have us believe that the feeling of awe that clings to many a tree-shadowed spot, is due to the old belief that gods once had their dwellings in woodland trees. Others, more modern and practical, call it by the alarming name of claustrophobia, while the thoughtful find its origin in the ingrained fear arising from our nursery story of Red Riding Hood and her terrifying visit to her grandmother's cottage by the wood.

Tree worship survived long after the Jews had become a monotheistic race. "Thou shalt not place thee a grove of any trees near unto the altar of the Lord" is one of the laws of Moses that must have had a background of paganism. The prophet Ahijah declared that the making of groves was the chief sin of the people of Israel "provoking the Lord to anger." On the other hand, Irish mythology mentions "An apple tree, a hazel bush and a sacred grove" as being necessities—perhaps the foundation for our saying: "An apple a day keeps the doctor away;" for the apple was used as a symbol of longevity.

Reality enters into the worship of trees with the slight knowledge we have of Druidic ceremonies. The yew tree, so familiar an inhabitant of many a country churchyard, might easily be the lineal descendant of one placed near a Druid's temple, for Christian churches were often built on the site of pagan temples, and the yew is noted for its long life. The famous yew trees of Fountains Abbey, in Yorkshire, were large enough for the monks to hold their services beneath their shade while the abbey was being built eight hundred years ago. A yew tree more ancient still, is said to exist in Fortingal, in Perthshire.

Until the introduction of gunpowder the yew tree was a powerful aid to England's greatness, for from it were made the bows that struck confusion into the ranks of the enemy time after time, for the British army was feared for the efficiency of its archers.

A HAWTHORN on the bank of the Misbourne, Bucks. The common hawthorn, or May tree, is a favourite of both gardener and farmer, for if left untouched by pruning knife or bill-hook it grows into a fragrant, rounded tree

The mistletoe, so eagerly sought at Christmas time, was also connected with the Druids. To them it symbolised the spirit, as it had its roots, not on the earth, but in the air. The cutting of the mistletoe bough was a sacred festival attended by much pomp and ceremony. It was cut by a white-clad priest, caught in a snowy cloth and distributed to the people as a charm against many sicknesses, while two white bulls were sacrificed under the branches of the tree that had borne the parasitic plant. An echo of this custom remained until the days of Elizabeth, and after, when mistletoe seeds were enclosed in a silver tablet and worn round the neck as a charm against witchcraft, and a cure for the falling sickness. Even then the plant was not supposed to touch the ground before being used. Culpeper in his delightful *British Herbal*, written in the seventeenth century, gives a long list of cures wrought by the mistletoe, from the "ripening and discussing of hard knots, tumours and imposthumes" to helping to draw off "foule nails."

Kissing under the mistletoe bough is an English custom dating from the seventeenth century. The lucky swain, having captured his lady-love, plucked (*Continued on page* 67)

Old Tales Re-told

The Horse That Won An Empire

Written and Illustrated by

F. Matania, R.I.

TRUTH is stranger than fiction, as can be proved by the many examples scattered through the history of the world from earliest times. The farther back they occur, the more fascinating they are to read about, especially when the historian has made his narrative so interesting that it "comes alive." So this month my tale is taken from the pages of early Persian history, at the time when Greece, Persia and Egypt were the only centres of civilisation in the known world.

Cyrus the Great had died, leaving two sons, Cambyses and Smerdi. For a while they both reigned together, over separate parts of the empire. Smerdi was beloved by his subjects for his high moral and physical attributes and humane methods of government. Cambyses, on the contrary, was hated and feared for his sadistic cruelty. He suffered from epileptic fits, during which he was capable of committing any excess. Once he dreamed that his brother was sitting on a throne so lofty that his head reached the clouds. Obsessed by jealousy, he sent his faithful official, Prexaspe, secretly to Susa, charged with the grim task of assassinating him. Prexaspe accomplished his bloody deed and succeeded in escaping, after burying the body with his own hands. Now there was at the Court of Persia a society of nobles called the Magians whose power had been much subdued by Cyrus. One of its members was named Smerdi, and by a strange coincidence he happened to resemble very strongly the murdered Smerdi. This curious fact, coupled with the complete disappearance of the dead man, gave him the idea of impersonating the dead Smerdi and dethroning Cambyses. Taking advantage of the fact that Cambyses was away campaigning, the false Smerdi, supported by his followers, issued a proclamation deposing Cambyses and usurping his power.

Cambyses, seeing how eagerly the people welcomed the change, made a desperate attempt to regain his authority by publicly announcing that Smerdi had been killed by his own order. No one believed him, and he was forced to

Gently she slid out of bed, took the little lamp from the niche and approached near enough to obtain a clear view of his head

abdicate, giving up not only his throne and properties but also all his wives. A little while later he died of blood poisoning caused from a wound in his thigh.

All this took place in the year 521 B.C.

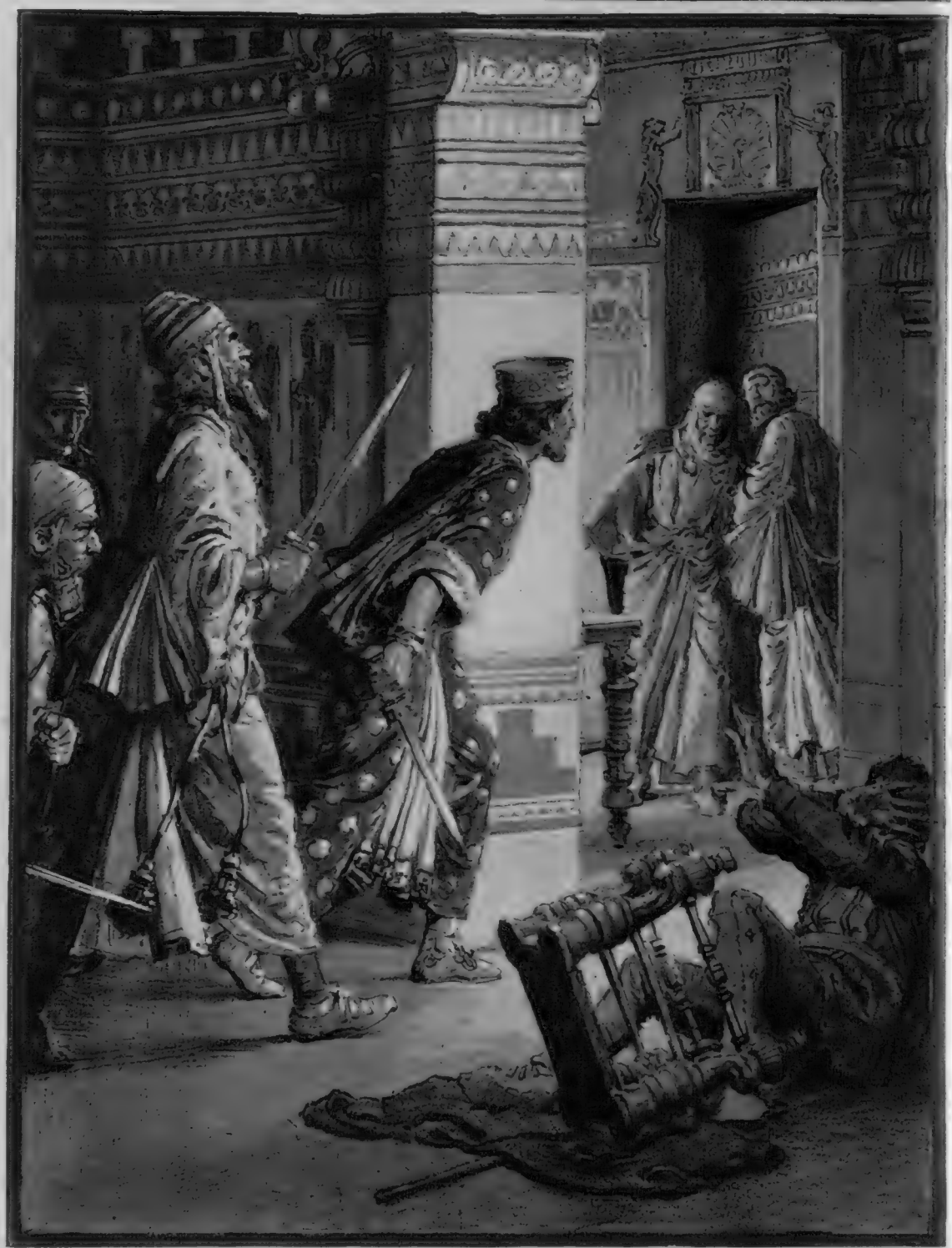
Smerdi the Pretender occupied the throne for some seven months, living in total seclusion, never granting audience and making many new restrictions in the royal household. This peculiar behaviour, together with his excessive liberality towards the peoples of the empire, began to arouse suspicion amongst the upper classes. One of the most notable members of the nobility, a fabulously rich man called Otanes, remembered well that there used to be a Magian at Cyrus's Court named Smerdi, and that this man had once been found guilty of a serious felony and had had his ears cut off.

Otanes's beautiful daughter Phædima had been one of Cambyses's wives, and she now belonged to the new king. She, above all others, was in a position to identify him. No one—not even her father—was allowed to hold any communication with her, and the same applied to all the other wives, who were rigidly secluded in the royal harem. However, a golden key opens many doors, and one day a well-disguised messenger from Otanes succeeded in obtaining speech with Phædima. He asked her if she was sure that her husband was actually Smerdi, the son of Cyrus. If not, then who was he? Phædima replied that as she had not known Smerdi the son of Cyrus, before the fall of Cambyses, she could not be sure about the identity of her present husband.

This unsatisfactory reply made Otanes resolve to try again. Cambyses had married his own sister, Atossa, and she—like all the others—now belonged to the harem of the new king. So Otanes sent the following instructions to his daughter. She was to approach Atossa and question her about the identity of the king. Since Smerdi, son of Cyrus, had been her own brother, she should surely have no difficulty in recognising him. But Phædima's reply was again most unhelpful. She explained to her father's messenger that the new king had confined each of his wives in separate apartments, forbidding any intercourse between them. Under these conditions it was impossible for her to approach Atossa.

OTANES could not fail to see in these arrangements fresh reasons for suspicion, and he wrote his daughter the following letter: "My daughter, as you were born into a noble family whose traditions of bravery are its principal feature, you must not be any less courageous than your ancestors, and face the risk to which I am compelled to expose you. If the man to whom you now belong is not the real Smerdi, son of Cyrus, but the man whom I suspect him to be, not only has he no right to the honour of your love, but he has no right to occupy the throne of Persia and must pay the penalty for the fraud he is committing. So when your turn comes and you are with him, wait until he is asleep and then push his hair aside. If his ears are intact, then he is the real Smerdi. If they are mutilated, then he is without doubt Smerdi, the Magian."

In the inner room Smerdi and his brother tried to defend themselves, but the swift sword of Darius pierced the usurper's heart



Phædima replied that the risk was very great; for if the king was really Smerdi the Magian, and he noticed the indiscretion, he would have her killed without mercy. However, she

They reached the appointed place just as the sun appeared. Darius's steed, nearing the tree where the mare had been tethered, pranced with eagerness

would undertake to obey her father's order. She asked for the messenger to be sent back for her report, adding that she hoped he would find her alive.

The night came when Phædima, bathed, anointed and perfumed, entered the sumptuous chamber of the king. Immediately before he appeared, all the lights were removed, leaving only a small one before the niche of Astarte, goddess of love.

Now that her suspicions were aroused, she noticed how carefully the king's thick hair was brushed against the sides of his head; also the fact that he wore no ear-rings, which were then the Babylonian fashion.

Her heart quickened its beat; but she did not betray her doubts. She waited till he was soundly sleeping, hoping that he would turn over into a favourable position. The slightest clumsiness on her part, and all was lost. At last he rolled over on to his back, snoring; his curls became disarranged, and with the aid of a little more light it would be possible to inspect without touching him. Gently she slid out of bed, took the little lamp from the niche, and approached near enough to obtain a clear view of his head. *There were practically no ears left.*

Her father was right. This usurper bore the brand of the humiliating punishment meted out to slaves. Motionless, she waited for the morning, addressing silent prayers of thankfulness to Astarte, until her maids came to lead her to her own apartment.

When the messenger returned, she whispered to him the result of her investigation. Otanes was now in possession of his proof. He sought out two of the most important and influential members of the nobility, Aspatine and Gobrya, and revealed to them what he knew. They decided that each of them should confide in a reliable friend, thus forming a secret council of six, and that they should then discuss the best means of ridding the country of the usurper. They swore the strictest secrecy, for the slightest indiscretion would have meant total ruin.

There was another, however, who would have made a fitting addition to their council and ensured the success of its plans. This was the bold Darius, member of an illustrious and warlike family.

He was serving with the army; but fate, which was reserving for him its highest honours, brought him to Susa just at the very moment when he was most wanted. The confederates received him with joy and informed him of what they meant to do. Darius said: "I thought *I* was the only one who knew the truth! But now that you also are ready with indisputable proof, my advice is to act without any further delay."

They all agreed, but it was deemed advisable to enlist the co-operation of Prexaspe, the man who had killed the real Smerdi. They therefore approached him, and a plan was made to reassure the *false* Smerdi until the moment was ripe. Prexaspe was given the task of making a public speech from the top of a lofty tower, proclaiming that the present ruler was the legitimate heir of the late Cambyses.

He did not carry it out, however. Seized by pangs of remorse at the murder he had committed, he allowed his conscience to get the better of him—and at the very moment of beginning his speech he stammered, stopped, and then blurted out the naked truth, making a clean breast of the whole affair. When he had finished, he threw himself from the ramparts and was crushed to death by the impact of his fall.

Consternation spread over the population of Susa. The confederates themselves were taken aback by this unexpected turn of affairs, and hurriedly decided to go to the royal palace before Smerdi could take steps to protect himself.

They put on their richest tunics and entered the palace without encountering any opposition. Their high rank was sufficient credential. But when they reached the ante-chamber of the reception hall they found their way barred by the royal guards. Swords were unsheathed and the seven resolute men made short work of them. In the inner room Smerdi and his brother tried to defend themselves, but the swift sword of Darius pierced the usurper's heart.

The throne of Persia awaited a new dynasty.

It was a strange fact that, despite his many wives, Cambyses had left no son to succeed him.

Under the leadership of Otanes, who had been foremost among the conspirators, the council of seven began their discussions as to which form of government they preferred: a monarchy, oligarchy or democracy. Darius insisted on a monarchy, and in the end his will prevailed. It was decided that lots should be drawn for the sceptre of Persia. But at this point Otanes made a request, as original as it was unexpected. "Now that you have decided to choose a king amongst us seven," he said, "I will give up my chances on the following conditions. I refuse (*Continued on page* 52)

The royal ladies crowded about him, lavishing on him so many handfuls of gold pieces that he had to ask the help of a page to carry them away

Behind the 1,000 Plane Raids

How they were Planned, Organised and Accomplished

By D. K. Findlay

THE Avro Lancaster. This type of aircraft which is powered by four Rolls-Royce Merlin engines was included in the 1000-bomber raids on Germany

"THE take-off is at eight o'clock."

The soft green of the English countryside is fading into grey. The sky is clear except for a bright band of pink clouds in the west. The aircraft are marshalled, stretched in a long line on the perimeter, fuelled and bombed and ready to go. The air crews were briefed three hours ago—they have just come over from the hangars in lorries, dressed in their flying clothes and now they are sitting on the edge of the track with the ground crews. The bulky clothes hide the badges of rank. The lad stretched out on the ground with his hands clasped behind his head happens to be a commissioned officer, the one stuffing a Thermos flask into his boot happens to be a pilot and a sergeant. To each other they are "air crew"—Jock and Don and Hap and Skipper. They are very young—about twenty-two would be their average age.

A FEW of the R.A.F. crews of Bomber Command who took part in the second of the "Four-Figure" Raids on the Ruhr, photographed after their safe return to Britain

"There's the green light, boys."

Without any word of command they go aboard their aircraft, swinging their bulky figures up through the belly hatch with a practised twist.

A truck shimmers by with a gay cargo of green and red lights which are used to mark the take-off runway. At the head of the flare path stands the air control pilot who directs the take-off. At five minutes to eight the motors of the leading aircraft turn over, a minute later No. 2 starts up and so along the line. The ground begins to tremble, the solid roar trips and grows as another motor fires. There is something beautiful and awe-inspiring here—the ranks of whirling propellers gleaming like shields, the black wings silhouetted against the dust cloud which rises behind them, turning from yellow to pink in the sunset.

At two minutes to eight, the first Halifax four-motored bomber, with seven men and five tons of bombs, weighing thirty tons, with a wingspread of ninety-nine feet, trundles down the track and wheels precisely on to the flare path. The A.C. holds an Aldis lamp in his hand, he sights along the barrel and a beam of green light focuses on the waiting aircraft. The motors rev. up with a roaring and a billowing of dust, the Halifax hurtles down the field and a mile away hoists itself into the sky.

As each aircraft is airborne, another wheels on to the flare path. There is a yell from the radio truck. "Hold it! B for Beer didn't get off." A red beam anchors the line of aircraft. The pilot of B for Beer reports that he tore off a hatch cover in his run—"and there is no blooming use freezing to death." The ground crew has a new cover in place almost as soon as the message is through and B for Beer comes trundling back along the perimeter looking incredibly large in the dusk—swings about and takes off.

From the other side of the field come the Wimpies—the Wellingtons—the toughest bomber in the service. It was with us at the beginning of the war and the pilots who fly it say it will be in at the finish. Heavily gunned, manœuvrable, with a five-man crew, it is the work horse of the air. To-night they are getting plenty of respect for they are carrying 4,000-pound bombs.

From the fields nearby, Lancasters and Stirlings are being launched. The sky is dotted with aircraft, stooging about, gaining height, waiting for all the bombers to get off the ground. To-night's is a big raid and they want to strike together.

"Well, that's the lot," says the A.C.P. The field is empty and the sky is quiet. The knots of men and officers melt into the dusk.

An orderly calls us at two o'clock. We switch off the lights and draw the blackout curtains to look out. Good—the stars are shining and there is no ground mist.

Inside the brightly lit watch office, people wait, walk about restlessly. There are two girl operators with headsets on. A blackboard tells us that two of our bombers turned back with engine trouble and landed some time ago. The traffic control officer says for the twentieth time "They should be coming now," and someone puts his head through the blackout hangings in front and says he hears something. We go out on the deck to listen. There is a faint hum in the sky.

"One of ours," says the traffic controller cheerfully. "Come right in, boys."

Inside, the loudspeaker begins to blat. The homing aircraft identifies himself and gives the station's code name. "May I come in? May I (*Continued on page* 68)

"THIS is where we got to . . ." A member of one of the crews "pin-points" his report after the third 1,000-bomber raid, which was on Bremen

A RADIO operator (right) of the WAAF keeping in touch with the crews during the raid on Bremen

Launched at

HE stopped in front of her and flung up his arm. "Heil Hitler!" he said

"KAPITAN LEUTNANT CARL SCHROEDER!" The tall blond naval officer took three paces forward and clicked to attention in front of the dais. For a fraction of a second he stared at the small dark man on the other side of the table, seeing for the first time the close-clipped moustache and the lock of black hair showing under the peak of the high military cap. Then he thrust forward his right hand in salute.

"Heil Hitler!"

The other's arm went up in answer to his own. It was as if he looked into a mirror—except for the face, of course. The face of the Leader. The sharp staccato voice echoed his own.

"Heil Hitler!"

The Leader bent forward and pinned a medal to the breast of his uniform. The Iron Cross, second class! Carl Schroeder drew a deep breath. This was a moment he would remember all his life. His eyes were shining as he saluted once more and about turned, to march stiffly back to his place in the ranks of officers of the navy, the Luftwaffe and the army.

At the back of the crowd in the roped-off enclosure, Frau Schroeder took out her handkerchief and dabbed silently at her eyes. She had witnessed all this before. To her it seemed a century ago. Then it had been His Imperial Majesty the Kaiser standing there on the dais and before him was Otto, her husband. Otto, with his love of the sea and of fighting. Laughing Otto with his blue eyes, who said he had no quarrel with the English but that on the sea it was the best sailor who won the battle. A fortnight later he had died, with all his men, in their U-boat.

And now it was Carl's turn. Otto would be proud if he could see his son now—yet she was glad he was not there. She had never understood the Nazis. Never understood Carl since that day when he had come home and spoken for the first time the name of Hitler. She had feared the strange, new light in his eyes and wondered at his sudden contempt for her own generation. She checked her thoughts. Carl was fighting for the Fatherland, even as Otto had fought—that was all that mattered. He was coming towards her now, the medal glinting on his breast. He stopped in front of her and flung up his arm.

"Heil Hitler!" he said.

Otto had not saluted like that. He had kissed her. Perhaps that was the difference between them. She drew herself up and smiled at her son.

"Heil Hitler!" she said.

CARL SCHROEDER pushed aside his coffee and rolls and opened the letter which lay in front of him. It was the third day of his leave. He had been at home longer than he had expected. He unfolded the typewritten sheet and held it up before him. His mother and sister waited anxiously. Frau Schroeder hoped it was a command of one of the new U-boats. She knew that was what her son wanted. She watched his face as he read the letter.

"A command?" It was his sister Greta, impatient for news. Carl lowered the letter and looked at her. His face was very stern.

"Yes," he said, "a command."

Greta laughed. "Marvellous, Carl! You are a credit to the Third Reich!"

Frau Schroeder was watching her son curiously. She wondered why he had gone so pale.

Carl let the letter fall to the table. He looked straight at his mother.

"She is building at Deschimag!" he said.

Frau Schroeder lowered her eyes. She found it impossible to return her son's gaze. Her quiet voice seemed loud in the sudden unnatural stillness of the room.

"That—that's a long way from here."

Greta was silent. She, too, knew the reputation of Deschimag—the death yard! That was how they were beginning to describe it in fearful whispers throughout the navy. Deschimag! Nearly all the U-boats launched from that yard had been lost. And now Carl was going to one of them. Beneath the table she clenched her fists till the knuckles gleamed white.

Carl sat there for a moment staring at his mother.

"It is stupid to listen to superstitious prattle," he said. His voice was harsh and strained. Then, with an abrupt movement, he rose and strode from the room.

Frau Schroeder stood up as if to follow him. Then she changed her mind and began slowly clearing away the breakfast things. She was conscious of a strange pain near her heart and thought she must be getting old. But she knew it was not age. For the first time since he was a child, she had read fear in her son's eyes.

KAPITAN LEUTNANT SCHROEDER stood at the periscope, his hands restlessly twisting the controls. They had been at sea a week. A week of ceaseless patrolling in the Atlantic and still they had seen nothing. Two more days and they would be able to turn and head for home. He felt at once relieved at the thought of being safe in Brest again and ashamed at his own weakness. Never before had he longed for the end of a patrol. Perhaps it was because they had had no luck with the convoys. Perhaps because this was the maiden voyage and they were all a little on edge. He remembered how one sailor had refused to sail from Deschimag and how he had been led away to face a firing

Illustrated by

HE could see her quite clearly in the periscope—a large cargo vessel, pitching and rolling in the swell

Deschimag...

The First and Last Journey of a U-boat

By Edward Cranston

CARL SCHROEDER pushed aside his coffee and roll's and opened the letter which lay in front of him

squad. It had had a bad effect on the men. It was bad for discipline. There was nothing he could put his finger on of course, no outward signs of unrest or panic, but he was as conscious as every one else aboard, of the undercurrent of nervousness and strain. He felt thwarted and irritable. The men had no right to be nervous—they were Germans. They were servants of the Reich. They should have no room for private feelings. If only they could find an enemy merchantman—then he would show them that not all Deschimag boats were doomed to failure. But the periscope promised nothing but the endless heaving grey of the Atlantic and a dark, threatening sky. Schroeder turned and barked an order to his second in command. When the latter relieved him at the periscope he walked slowly to the tiny wardroom and opened the ship's log. The lettering on the first page stood out clear and black before his eyes: "Launched at Deschimag, March 15, 1942." With a muffled curse he slammed the book shut and threw himself down on his bunk.

He was wakened some three hours later by the voice of his second in command shouting out: "Schroeder! Schroeder—a ship—a straggler from a convoy!"

He was fully awake in an instant.

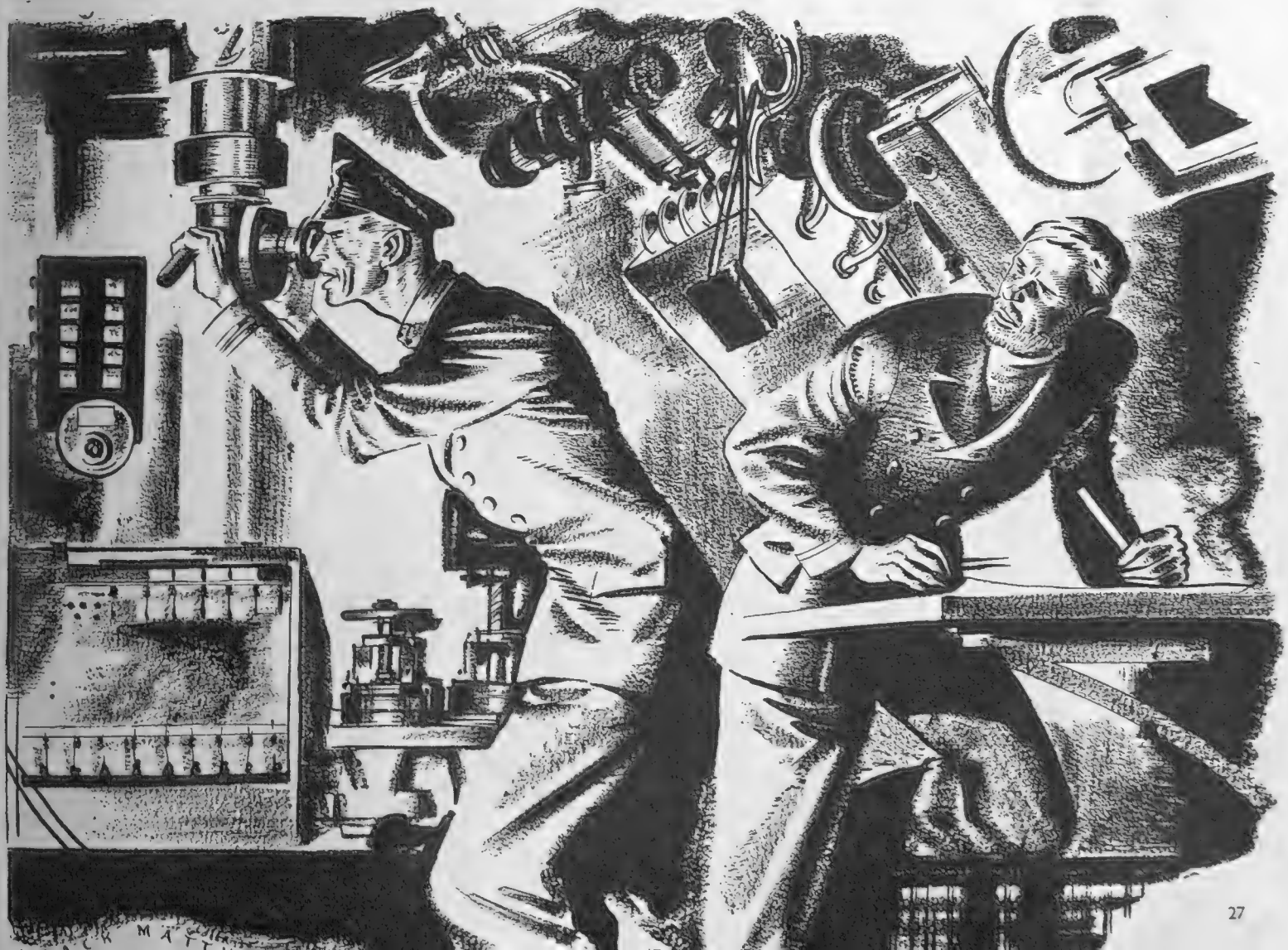
"Action stations!" he shouted. "Stand by to fire torpedoes!" He could see her quite clearly in the periscope—a large cargo vessel, pitching and rolling in the swell, obviously having lost her convoy in the heavy weather. Automatically, he estimated her displacement at about five thousand tons. His lips set in a grim line as he stood at the controls giving his clear, precise orders. Now he was back on his own ground again—he was sure of himself. This fat merchantman would make a worthy christening present for a new U-boat—his U-boat!

They were within range now. He held his course for a few moments. He was not going to make any mistakes.

"Stand by!" he ordered.

The man at the torpedo tubes crouched

Jack Matthew



AS the machine gun began to rattle, he picked up his binoculars and focused them carefully on the boat

low over his levers. That Schroeder man, he was thinking, had courage even if his men did hate him. They must be within almost point blank range now. They would be seen at any moment. His fingers hovered over the trigger and the sweat ran into his eyes as he waited.

"Fire!"

The U-boat shook as the torpedoes sprang from the tubes and the firing number leant back and laughed with relief.

Carl Schroeder watched the white tracks as they sped towards the target. In a second or two there would be one merchantman less to carry food to the enemies of the Fuehrer. His lips parted in a slow smile. Watching him, his second in command remembered the stories he had heard of this man and wondered if he were human.

Carl Schroeder stood on the bridge, a megaphone in his hand. His eyes were fixed on a life-boat a few cables to starboard of the U-boat. There was no sign of the merchantman.

"Steer towards that boat," he ordered.

The U-boat edged nearer to the life-boat. In it were five men. Schroeder lifted the megaphone to his mouth.

"Are there any more survivors?" he shouted in English. Cutting through the howling of the wind, the reply came back to him across the heaving water

"We're the only ones—I hope you're bloody well pleased with yourself!"

Kapitan Leutnant Schroeder turned to the second in command.

"Tell the machine gun to train on the boat," he said. Once more he lifted the megaphone to his lips.

"I regret," he yelled, "that I have no room for passengers on board!"

There was a moment's silence. Then came the answer.

"You always was a sportsman, Jerry!"

Schroeder leant over the forward end of the bridge.

"Open fire!" he said.

As the machine gun began to rattle, he picked up his binoculars and focused them carefully on the boat. The second in command watched the curve of his lips as he smiled.

There was a sharp crack from the direction of the boat, another staccato burst from the machine gun and then silence. The life-boat capsized and sank slowly from sight.

Schroeder turned and looked at the sailor lying on the deck beside him. The blood was spouting from his throat in convulsive jets.

"Fool!" he said. "You might have realised one of them would have a revolver. Why didn't you keep out of sight?"

He was still smiling as he climbed down the conning tower hatch.

Schroeder stood at the periscope, watching the little black dots on the horizon. It was daylight and to-morrow they were due to return to harbour. He was sorry now. He had tasted triumph and longed for more. All night he had hoped for a convoy and now here was one in front of his eyes. Another victim would make this first trip a memorable one. He spoke out of the side of his mouth to the man at the wheel.

"Steer due west!"

The dots grew larger and larger until he could distinguish the great bulks of the cargo boats and the sharp, narrow lines of the escorting destroyers. He decided to attack from astern. There was less chance of being discovered by the destroyer's asdic apparatus. It was a daring attack, in broad daylight he knew, but he was Kapitan Leutnant Schroeder of the Iron Cross, second class.

"All positions stand by!" he said.

HE saw the destroyer turn towards him even as his own operator reported enemy asdic transmissions. He swore softly under his breath. Useless to carry on with the attack now they had been discovered. Even if they sunk one of the convoy they were almost certain to be destroyed themselves and he had no intention of allowing that to happen.

"Prepare to dive!" he shouted. "Maximum depth!" The last thing he saw before the water closed over the lenses of the periscope, was the mounting white foam round the destroyer's bows as she steered straight towards him.

The U-boat was making the best possible speed at so great a depth. Five minutes had elapsed since Schroeder had given the order to dive. Five anxious minutes, waiting for the dull crash of depth charges. He turned to the second in command.

"We've shaken them off, I think. They've probably passed right over us. Stop engines and we'll lie here till they give up." There was an arrogant pride in his voice—the pride of a man who admits no master.

There was a curious stillness in the U-boat after the hum of the motors had died away. They lay there, no one speaking, conscious of the precious value of the air inside the hull.

The torpedo-firing number lay on his back, his head resting on a folded overall, staring up at the deckhead. He was glad the captain had shown some sense and not tried to attack the convoy. To-morrow they would be back in Brest. There was a French girl in Brest . . . She hated him, (*Continued on page* 54)

THE ship's log book lay across his face open at the first page, at once his shroud and his epitaph: "Launched at Deschimag, March 15, 1942."

A LAKELAND hotel sign at Troutbeck

HOPCROFT'S Holt, a sign on the Oxford-Banbury road

AN unusual inn sign at Abingdon

A SIGN of our own times near Doncaster, Yorks

AN interesting sign, "The Five Alls," at Marlborough

Pictorial Inn and Hotel Signs

Written and Illustrated

by J. Denton Robinson

THE hotel and inn signs to be seen in every part of the British Isles make a most interesting study and if the details of some of the more unusual ones are examined many strange devices will be found to make up their designs.

The passing of time is shown on signs with pictures of such subjects as Coaches and Horses, The White Horse, the Black Horse, the Bay Horse and the Pack Horse; all these depicting the pre-railway days when horses and coaches were the only way of getting about the country. When the railways came the inns had signs to commemorate this and we find such names as The Railway Inn and the Locomotive.

One of the most unusual signs to be found in the country is the Air Balloon, at Abingdon, which shows a remarkable picture of a spherical balloon of the very early days of flying; reminding us of man's aerial conquest.

A sign of our own time—the motoring road is a very clever painting of the Broad Highway, near Doncaster, Yorks. It shows a modern road running through the glorious countryside which gives one the impression of being in the driving seat of a car.

The science of bridge building is ably shown in the fine model of a bridge, a three-arched structure, which forms the sign of a hotel at Arundel, Sussex.

At Marlborough we come across the strange name of the Five Alls, with its figures showing from left to right :—

The soldier—I fight for all.
The bishop—I pray for all.
The king—I rule all.
The lawyer—I plead for all.
John Citizen—I pay for all.

In the Lake District, at Troutbeck, is the Mortal Man, a sign with a picture of two men, one of whom has a foaming pot of ale and also a ruddy complexion, whilst the other is haggard, pale faced and evidently a non-drinker. The following lines explain the illustration and are painted beneath the figures :—

"O, mortal man, that lives by bread,
What is it makes thy nose so red?"

"Thou silly fool, that look'st so pale,
'Tis drinking Sally Birkett's ale."

An artist friend of Morland is said to have painted the original of this "beer is best" sign.

Another sign, showing a pig-like creature in a fancy costume, is to be found in the village of Minstead, in the county of Hampshire.

It must surely rank as one of our strangest inn signs, and the following words describe the animal :—

A Trusty Servant's portrait would you see,
This emblematic figure well survey:
The porker's snout, not nice in diet, shows
The padlock shut—no secrets he'll disclose.
Patient the ass, his master's wrath will bear.
Swiftness in errand the stag's feet declare.
Loaded his left hand, apt to labour saith,
The vest his neatness, open hand his faith,
Girt with his sword, his shield upon his arm,
Himself and master he'll protect from harm.

This remarkable creature is the emblem of Winchester College.

In the delightful village of Hessett, Suffolk, we have an entirely different kind of sign. It consists of a tall brick pillar with the sign hanging in a wrought iron framework. It denotes the Five Bells.

And lastly is a sign of world-wide interest which is one of the most up to date to be seen in the country. It is the Belisha Beacon, and depicts the beacon, a black and white painted post on the top of which is a yellow globe. They are placed at pedestrian crossings throughout the British Isles as a safety-first method, and are, as will be gathered from their names, the invention of Mr. Hore Belisha, who was at one time the Minister of Transport.

THIS modern sign decorates a house of refreshment at Rainham, Kent

THIS model bridge is the sign of a hotel at Arundel, Sussex

The Last Hop

Even his rival had to admire the courage that brought him back

By Stanley Jackson

THEY came out of the operations room in a bunch, chatting breezily but with a certain seriousness behind the gossip. The briefing had been clear.

"Berlin, to-night, gentlemen," said the group captain. "The first squadron will prang the Ost Kreuz station here." His long, nicotine-stained index finger pointed to a patch on the chart. "Don't stay long over the target. As soon as the fires are going nicely the next crowd will paste this group of factories." He cleared his throat and flashed them a twinkling grin. "I imagine the Hun will have a reception committee and it's up to you to shake him up nicely. The Berliners haven't had any excitement for months." He waved a hand. "Well, good shooting."

In the mess they threw themselves into easy chairs and lit cigarettes. Conway stretched himself lazily. He was a square-built man of middle height with very fair hair, smooth on his head, and a heavy flaxen moustache that looked as if it had no business to be on his upper lip.

"Just a piece of cake," he said airily, puffing on his cigarette through a long holder. "Anyway, it's a wonderful change from Brest. I know every flak gunner's face in that damned place, I think." He got up and yawned. "I'd better ring my popsie. She'll give me hell. I'd promised to give her food and a dance to-night."

The others laughed. Squadron Leader Conway was "a good type" and almost a veteran. They all knew that this was his last trip before going off ops. He'd made many raids, including some of the biggest on Lorient and Brest. At least half a dozen times he had pranged "Salmon and Gluckstein" as they called the Nazi battleships. All those hours on ops without a scratch. No wonder the young sprogs all worshipped him and rushed to join his squadron!

Dixon, the intelligence officer, was frowning as he pretended to thumb an illustrated magazine. His lips tightened as Conway went out of the room to telephone his popsie. He thought of Joyce bored to tears in the flat while her husband chased round the West End with blondes. Well, thank heaven, it was nearly over and a happy landing in view.

It wasn't jealousy that made him hate Conway, he told himself. There was a good deal he could admire in the fellow. Squadron leader at twenty-three, D.S.O., D.F.C., and that other gong which the Poles had given him only last week. Nobody could deny that he was a fine pilot and a really brilliant leader. It was hard to believe that in '39 he was clerking in a bank while Joyce was doing secretarial work in the City to help make ends meet! Yes, Conway, had gone places since then. The newspapers and newsreel people always singled him out for publicity. Perhaps that was the trouble; perhaps that explained why he got tiddly so often and chased the popsies.

The greenish Stirlings stood waiting on the tarmac, thirty-two-ton monsters with four powerful engines and 60,000 parts geared for action. The ground crews were running them over with loving fingers. Berlin! The station had been waiting for this day a long, long time.

Conway had made his phone call and was looking out of the window.

"Looks like a bit of mist coming up," he murmured. "That would brass me off altogether. Couldn't bear to have this op scrubbed."

"It'll be all right," said Dixon, trying hard to be polite. "Why don't you grab some shut-eye and forget the weather."

"Good scheme," agreed the squadron leader. "See you later."

Dixon rolled himself a cigarette. He thought about all that had happened since he'd come to this station. How he and Joyce Conway had met and been instantly attracted to each other; the way she looked hurt when Conway was a little bit whistled and talking too much; the inevitable drifting.

DIXON remembered Joyce Conway instantly attracted

They were made for one another, Dixon told himself fiercely. She was smart as paint, intelligent, eager for travel. Charles Dixon, the brilliant young playwright, could give her a lot of fun when this show was over. Whatever happened, she couldn't go back to her husband; he had hurt her too much for that.

The rain was drying on the tarmac but,

even so, little spurts of water shot up as the Stirlings taxied away. Conway stroked his moustache with a gloved hand as the dark earth skidded away under the wheels. He felt utterly brassed off. It was hard to believe that this was the last time he'd be piloting "S. for Susie." After this show he'd be a back number, condemned to some miserable training station, teaching awkward sprogs how to handle Ansons. Retired at twenty-five, he thought gloomily. Still, the authorities said so many operational trips and one couldn't fight regulations. But he'd miss the big shows all right! . . .

It was getting dark and colder. Another thousand miles to go before they'd be back on the station.

Illustrated by Jack Faulks

bered how he and had met and been to each other

The airscrews roared, and the great engines pounded rhythmically as the bomber climbed to 5,000 feet.

"Looks like a tanker below," said the observer through the inter-comm.

"We'll look after him on the way back," laughed Conway. He passed the controls over to his "dicky," a young Australian with reddish hair.

All his gloom had trickled away. He felt buoyant now and ready for anything. After all, it was marvellous luck being given this Berlin show for a curtain number. It sort of rounded the show off spectacularly.

They were over Germany now and the flak began to increase. Once or twice a thick searchlight stubbed the dark. Nearly on target now; you could tell that from the bundles of flak the Hun was sending up. Conway was at the controls now and he was grinning like a schoolboy. The searchlight cones lit up the aircraft like an illuminated sign being switched on and off. Not quite there yet. The Stirling rocked as she was caught in a beam. Tracer peppered the fuselage and ripped through the nose. A shell hit the starboard wing and "S. for Susie" tottered like a drunk.

Conway took evasive action, put Susie into a turn and came down a couple of thousand feet while the searchlights poked desperately in the dark. The flak was Satanic now. Hitting us with everything but the kitchen stove, thought the captain of the Stirling. He could see the target all right now.

"Bomb doors open," he called.

"Bomb doors open," echoed the aimer-observer.

A night fighter was coming up astern. They'd have to move quickly.

"Over target now," chanted the observer.

There was a dull wham, followed by a great sheet of fire. The Ost Kreuz railway station put out its tongue of fire and they could see miles of railway lines flush crimson in that naked light.

"Bomb doors closed," said Conway, "jolly good show!"

They began to climb, but slowly.

TEN minutes later Conway was in the operations room staring at Dixon through red-rimmed eyes

Something wrong with the airscrew, Conway was thinking, when a shell clipped a chunk out of the front window. The observer had got his. The whole sky was now popping with shell bursts. The flak gunners were giving them hell as Susie struggled to make height.

"Hold tight," shouted Conway. But the inter-comm. was dead. For the first time he began to feel worried. Thank goodness, they had dropped their eggs in time; he had a nasty feeling that that last shell had written off the bomb release gear. He tried to feather his airscrew but something had jammed. He didn't know then that the prop was u.s. Another blast of fire caught Susie. Conway felt his eardrums bursting with sound. A shell had hit his port engine. He grabbed the intercomm. and yelled down it, but the thing was still dead. He began to sweat at the thought of what a couple of enemy fighters on his tail could do.

Susie was losing height and rocking like a blancmange. He tried to pull out of the dive and saw that his speed was down to 115. He took a quick look at his dicky and saw that the poor chap had stopped one. A dark patch showed though his suit, just below the right shoulder, but he was trying to grin although his eyes were half-closed.

"Hang on," shouted Conway. "Susie's not through yet!"

Somehow, he managed to pull out and an airscrew began to feather. Cloud was sweeping in over them and the wings were silvery with frost. They were over the sea now at about 400 feet and the aircraft seemed to flop like a wounded porpoise. A faint buzz came through the intercomm. Slowly it formed itself into words.

"Are you all right, sir?" queried the rear-gunner. "I tried to contact you not long ago. We got that F.W. 190 all right."

"Good show," said Conway casually. It was a miracle that they had downed a fighter without any help from the pilot or navigator. "Give me a hand out here with Thompson," he went on. "He stopped one just as we left the target area."

THE intelligence officer went into the mess and took Joyce's letter from her husband's cubby-hole

THE gunner wormed his way inwards with the first-aid kit. "I'll give him a shot, sir," he suggested. Conway nodded but looked worried. The way the kite was behaving they'd be lucky to get Thompson back alive. They had just crossed the coast of England at little over 200 feet and petrol was running low.

While the gunner was giving Thompson a carefully-measured injection of morphia Conway called the navigator on the intercomm. No answer. He tried several times, without effect. The gunner crawled through and was back inside two minutes.

"Poor old Graham got his, sir," he muttered. "Drilled full of holes."

The captain tried for more height but couldn't make it. Susie was hobbling along painfully on two engines with a broken airscrew and a peppered fuselage. It was still pretty dark and Conway had no idea where they might be. If the fuel held he might force-land somewhere but with Thompson winged and probably bleeding to death it might be worth having a shot at getting home.

"I want you and Smith to use your brollies," he said crisply to the rear-gunner. "I don't think we'll make it."

The youngster's lips were trembling. Conway could (*Continued on page* 56)

By Jane Gordon

The hall porter's wife was on her knees scrubbing the kitchen floor, while I was at the sink washing three years' dust off almost endless china and glass. While we worked, we talked of this and that :

"I hope you don't mind, Madam, but I 've taken a drop of disinfectant and a bit of soda for the scrubbing. It will clean the lino up very much better."

"Yes, indeed, Mrs. Hill, the lino is beginning to look years younger already."

"Did you notice how much better the bath and wash-basins look since I used the Harpic to take off the stains where the taps had dripped ? "

I complimented her on the brilliant idea of using the Harpic to get off both bath and basin stains which I had thought were permanent. Mind you, it was not Mrs. Hill's place to scrub the kitchen floors, bath tubs and sinks. She has her own job to do, but she was helping me out of sheer kindness. Mrs. Hill is the perfect example to every woman who is ever guilty of passing the remark, "It is not my place," and keeps herself to herself where her work is concerned. Mrs. Hill has a bicycle, and she uses this to collect things from the shops for most of her neighbours. She lends a hand here and there whenever it is needed, and somehow manages to do all her own work as well as a bit of gardening in a near-by allotment.

Although they are unaware of the fact, the Mrs. Hills of this country are doing just as good a job of work as most of the women in uniform.

On Duty—and Off

WHEN something nice does happen during a war, it seems extra specially nice, so when an American first cousin of mine arrived in London the other day with the American Air Force, he was more welcome than a mink coat and a Rolls-Royce would have been in peacetime. Not only did he bring me first-hand news of my parents, whom I have not seen for more than two years, but his luggage was full of presents for us. Imagine my joy when he unpacked four pairs of fully-fashioned real silk stockings, a box of twelve cakes of toilet soap, a jar of my favourite face-cream, and on duty offerings from my mother, including a vest and pantie set of 50 per cent. wool and Nylon mixture to wear under my cotton uniform dresses, as well as two pairs of flannel pyjamas for hospital wear. Did she but know it, these garments are worth about 22 coupons.

There was also a large quantity of American cocoa for our hospital children, done up in envelopes, each containing sufficient for one cup of well-sweetened cocoa, to be made with water only ; and large boxes of milk chocolate, both nut and plain.

OFF DUTY

Since my cousin has been here I have learnt quite a lot about the reactions of the newly-arrived Americans in this country. The Americans I have met so far have arrived over here with a supply of what they describe as "bait." This consists of a selection of lipsticks, Nylon and silk stockings, and what they call Bobbie grips (Kirby grips), which come on cards, including a lipstick. They tell me that wise guys hand out one stocking only to begin with.

The first night my cousin dined with us I was horrified at his apparent lack of appetite.

"Can't you do better than that, Arthur ? Ada has cooked this specially for you, and she will be so hurt if you do not eat it."

He looked longingly at the dish and said sadly : "We 've had it so drummed into us that one of the worst things we can do over here is to take a second helping."

We told him that that was an excellent rule, but that we happened to be the exception. When we had the food, he could share it ; when we hadn't, we would dine out together.

It is quite right that Americans should learn the value of food, and English people should be quite frank in letting them know how strictly we are rationed. It is just plain silly to offer your guest more food than you can afford to give him, and then feel resentful if he eats it.

Until lately I had taken it for granted that the average American had a pretty fair knowledge of wartime life over here, but in spite of Quentin Reynolds, Ralph Ingersoll, and all the Press and radio experts who have made it their business to tell people in the U.S.A. how we live, the Americans whom I have met seem strangely ignorant about the facts of life as we live it.

"Why don't you get your mother to send you over the things you need ? " they ask innocently. They are astonished to learn of clothes coupons. No one has actually put before them the exact amount of meat, sugar, butter, margarine and lard that constitute our weekly ration, and it seems to have come as a horrid shock to them that small children have to put up with exactly the same hardships as grown-up people.

And here 's something that most English people do not realise. Most of the Americans who are over here now have never been outside the United States before, and they get extremely homesick. They are far more grateful for a homely welcome than they are for parties, and we are a little inclined to be like Humpty Dumpty—we are rather too "stiff and proud."

ON DUTY

IT is a harsh quota which does nobody any good, and the shortage of oils and fats for skin foods has killed the unattractive pre-war fashion of going to bed with one's face covered by a greasy layer of face-cream. A complexion put to bed sticky with skin food wakes up next morning sallow and dingy ; but put to bed scrupulously clean, your face will wake up feeling fresh and fit to face the day's work.

Rationed face-creams have brightened all complexions, but unless a woman knows how to make the best use of her ration, her complexion will suffer in the same way as her digestion from the wartime shortage of fats and oils.

Baths are now a luxury as well as a necessity. Do not treat your bath lightly or unadvisedly, but make it do the double duty of cleaning and beauty treatment. The really efficient bath should be combined operations which include your face treatment. The way to make a little face-cream go a long way is to use it in combination with the steam of the bath water. Before you get into (*Continued on page 61*)

IT NEED NOT

It is the truth that in wartime there are what to do. This can be monotonous, nothing whatever to do with what you things that you might like to do. New Year may be a big one, perhaps personal sense, making a success of year's failures. Perhaps some of your personal flops. Perhaps, too, the they? You know best. Tell yourself

By Winifred

YOU FELL DOWN ON YOUR JOB. This time last year, with all those people between you and the managerial chair gone to the war, it looked as if you might be getting somewhere. Yet here you are still, with your feet on the secretarial desk, just where you were. Why?

Take your feet off the desk for a start. Anyway, the stocking situation demands it. Did you think about how good it would be to have a big job and forget to work for it? Did you think ahead of the boss? Were you ever late, careless, preoccupied with the shortage of lipstick when you should have been worrying about the new contract? You were? Well, that 's the way a lot of us get bogged down.

YOU FELL OUT WITH A VALUED FRIEND. He, or maybe even a she, was a definite asset in your scheme of things. You admit this to your secret soul but, to the world, you prefer to be the injured party. So what? Supposing you were in the right. Supposing you were badly treated. Mightn't a friendly reprimand, a frank but private showdown between you two, have brought you understanding and left the thing you valued—your happy acquaintance? Pride is a good thing. It is an even better thing with an admixture of tolerance. Anyway, the future is what counts. Friendship and love have to be fought for, but in this connection remember to fight yourself more than the other party.

YOU PUT MORE THAN A YEAR TO YOUR AGE. There is a sharpening of curves, a filling-out in places where none was wanted. Your skin is less clear, your colouring less defined. The tide has crept in and you are no Canute.

You share some scars with the war-jaded everywhere, but twelve months is only a year and needn't be more.

Perhaps you worried about things that never happened after all. If so, something is wrong with your philosophy. Did you sleep enough, take your quota of fresh air, your daily exercises, brush your hair. check up at the dentist and, every day, feed and cleanse your hungry skin in spite of the difficulties? Remember that at this stage youth is a point of view and beauty is a daily struggle, not a holiday with pay?

Perhaps—and this is important—you used a little too much make-up. Only the very young can do it. Don't adopt the aged, but avoid the very youthfully unkind.

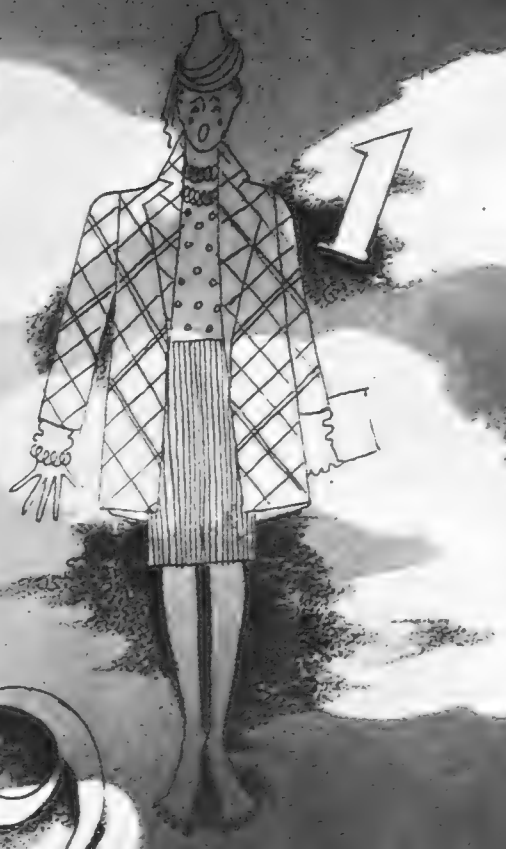
YOU MEANT TO HAVE AN INTERESTING YEAR. This is really a minor disaster and such a waste. You thought you were going to meet fascinating people, achieve important things, improve yourself socially and domestically and really be a person, and here you are where you started, bored.

To be interesting you have to be interested, and candidly, other people don't bore us; we only bore ourselves. What you were doing was waiting for things to come to you instead of going out to them. You read the same kind of books, saw the same sort of movies, even wore the same sort of colours and talked the same kind of scandal. In fact, you were too lazy to try your wings. You were distrustful of everything and everybody new and unfamiliar. You were probably more boring than bored.

HAPPEN THIS YEAR

far too many people telling other people
so for a change, the following has
must do, but is only concerned with
There are signs and portents that this
bigger than we care to mention. In a
it begins with checking up on last
the following incidents coincide with
reasons were the same. Or were
that they need not happen this year.

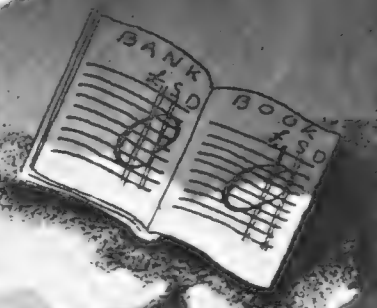
wis



YOU BUNGLED YOUR COUPON SPENDING. You never thought it would be easy, nor did you realise how really cunning you would have to be to make those little things go round.

Did you make a clothes plan for the whole year, scheming every detail of your wardrobe so that accessories matched ; so that one outfit would adapt to many occasions ; so that you would never be caught on the wrong leg when it turned suddenly hot or cold ? Did you realise that coupon-frittering is death to good clothes planning, that the odd coupon for handkerchiefs, the little splash on something not in your schedule would throw the whole thing out ?

Were you one of the girls who dashed out and bought a new dress for a sudden invitation without a thought for its future uses ? Did you discard an old suit that might have been turned, and give a worn-out jumper to salvage that would have unripped and made you two pairs of gloves and save ankle socklets ? Frankly, did you put aside those out-moded snobberies which make you self-conscious of being seen in the same things twice ? If so, that 's how the coupons went.



YOU MEANT TO SAVE MORE MONEY. With the shortage of things you like and the fact that most of the people you used to step out with are far away, you hoped to end the year with a credit at the Treasury, but it didn't work out that way.

What you probably forgot was that though spending is curtailed in some ways it is pretty heavily increased in others. Your clothes, your travelling, your entertainment, your little war charities, your income tax cost you more, much more. These factors have to be weighed and balanced. Again planning comes into the picture. A budget which allots a specific sum for everything and a specific sum for saving—a budget that you really stick to and no fooling is the saving way.

THE CHILDREN GOT OUT OF HAND. They are nice children, but you are conscious that they are out of hand. You had rosy ambitions about their manners, their accomplishments, their sweet little natures, but the rose is tinged with grey.

Perhaps you haven't been caring much, with all the other things that worry you just now. Perhaps your husband is away and you feel a bit overwhelmed. Who wouldn't ?

Don't worry. Children go through phases. Keep your strength and your perseverance intact to see that they respect you within reason ; that they don't get inflated ideas of their importance, nor deflated ones either, and that they learn to be self-reliant. Beyond that, leave the rest to your own good example.

YOUR HOUSEKEEPING WAS STILL INEFFICIENT. You started the year with the resolve to tighten up your system and perfect your housekeeping to put yourself and war difficulties on the best available terms. You didn't succeed. In fact, other women are still better at it than you. Was it because you still applied old standards to present needs, omitted to make a clean start and accept yourself in the new conditions as a rabbit all over again ?

It may be that you tried too many things, and did none of them really well. Perhaps you failed to plan ahead, but worked casually, just hoping. Did you have a friendly co-operative system with the tradespeople ? Did you study the official news columns about food, fuel, clothing, salvage, and so on, or did you dismiss it as " propaganda " and go your own way ? Some or all of these would explain your flop.

A snooper, eavesdropping on any group of civilian women anywhere, might be puzzled that it could talk so emotionally and so incessantly about stockings. How could a poor snooper know that talking about stockings is just our rather pathetic little way of making up to ourselves for being compelled to wear Utility, non-fully-fashioned lisle, rayon or wool for the duration?

Of course, we could join the gang of ruthless coupon jugglers who daily make their prowling, nagging rounds of the stocking counters, buying up the small quotas of comparatively decent stockings that occasionally dribble into the shops. And we could, to stay in character, be cruel to small children and stab best friends in the back.

So we prefer to talk and grumble. And emerging from our talk and grumbling come these facts:

We have to try to keep one, perhaps two, pairs of fairly fine stockings in cold storage for special times. We keep one of these goodish pairs always by us—travelling, on a visit, in our office drawer. We take off our stockings directly we get home and put on old ones. We are catty enough—or do I mean human?—to smirk at the intelligence that in America the stocking situation becomes acute also and that American women will soon clothe their lovely legs in wool and cotton.

Meanwhile, Service women, long habituated to the nasty way that lisle stockings cling around a skirt, smile condescendingly at our trivial little hose troubles, and tell us, with starry eyes, how fit they are and of the marvellous times they have at camp dances.

Our snooper might work out the moral of this.

* * *

"Making and mending" is a war phrase, a national duty and nice work—if you can get it done.

Women are fortunate who have the time and ability to do their own renovations. For the others, the words "time lag" have come to represent the six weeks to three months that every little tailor, dressmaker and alteration service takes to do the smallest piece of reconditioning. I know of a suit that has just been delivered which was planned and ordered at the end of June. You could almost start a family in the time.

Women are gradually acquiring the gardening outlook about new clothes, altering, cleaning or dyeing. You know, you have to start everything last year.

* * *

Apart from the suit, which has become virtually a uniform, the two most adaptable single items of clothes are a party-into-summer dress and a lightweight, short-sleeved woollen frock.

The first sees you through the winter, spring and autumn for dancing, out to dinner and any dress-up time. Then, there it is, right on the spot, for hot-weather days. The second is an obvious all-the-year-rounder.

Watch for the two-tone or three-tone lightweight woollens that are around everywhere. At any time this would be a bright, intriguing style. Now, it is particularly helpful to have a colour break to give a witty lift to austerity.

Sometimes the break is smack down the sides, so that you have a black back and a pale blue front, with black touches round the collar. Sometimes the break is horizontal—say, a bloused top of hunter's green, a russet-brown skirt. These combines provide the perfect framework for easy future renovation.

Apart from the shirt-waisters, woollen dresses begin to acquire a soft look, with tucked or draped yokes, front fullness or draping on the skirt, and twisting, subtle necklines.

* * *

The best-selling coat of the past year has been the wide-shouldered, deep arm-holed type, marking its waist with a casual tie-belt. The style has 100 per cent. value, because, good on its own, the deep armholes make it easy to wear over suits.

The coat drawn on this page is cut on definitely fitting, slightly more elegant lines, and is really only for those whose coupons allow for an extra spring-autumn coat to eke

By Jean Burnup
Editor Women's Department

Stockings are easy woman's problem.

out a winter top-coat. When a suit can only show two pockets, four buttons, four pleats, play must be made with colour, material, subtlety of pocket shaping and placing.

Tailors everywhere rejoice in the no-trimming edict. A suit can now be built to reveal the intrinsic beauty of line. And tailors everywhere tell their clients, and I tell you, to remember always to lift the back of the skirt just below the waist before sitting down, to avoid seating. Women who sit at their work all day are wise to keep by them an old skirt and change into it each morning—tiresome, but worth it, for it will double the life of your new skirt.

Make a ribbed knitted jacket gay with sequins.

1. A good-looking, hard-wearing Harella Utility suit in West of England check, green and white with a red overcheck, good square shoulders and two large pockets cut on the bias. The four permissible pleats divide, for good balance, into three at front, one at back. 93s. 10d. from Selfridges.

2. Tan tweed woollen double-breasted coat, sharply defined at the waist, with a half-belt at back, where the fourth button occurs. One of the models made by the Board of Trade for the Incorporated Society of Fashion Designers, now being copied for mass production. In the shops next spring, at Utility prices.

3. Rayon Utility dress in all pastels and vivid reds, carbon blue. The tucked, bowed yoke, the skirt fullness, released from tucked pockets, the shaped waist, give a soft, dressy look. £1 14s. 0d. D. H. Evans.

4. Dorville Utility dress in light-weight, pale-blue woollen, with a new shirt neckline, fullness focusing at centre front, two shaped pockets. Obtainable from most good shops throughout the country at approximately three guineas.

5. This suave, two-tone dinner dress started life years ago as an ingenue green velvet, with puffy sleeves. The back of the skirt became worn, the sleeves were boring.

So an old black velvet evening coat, which had been hanging about reproachfully all through the war, was cut up, and the best parts of its full back were used to make a new back to the dress. Skirt fullness comes from unpressed pleats, held in by a half-way sash. The good pieces of the discarded green skirt made good new bracelet sleeves.

6. This skirt is our old friend Gor-ray, with its new Zwow fastening. This means a placket without an opening. It lies flat on the hips, is comfortable in wear, permits of easy adjustment for people with in-between waist measurements. It comes in two styles, with and without pocket, and is specially helpful for women who always quarrel with zip plackets.

This Gives The Doctor A Headache

Migraine starts with a feeling of mental or physical exhaustion, combined with nausea and a dull, unilateral headache. Doctors have not yet found it possible to give the actual reason or to find a permanent cure for the condition. Its victims find that it is aggravated by exhaustion, mental fatigue, boredom.

Sometimes the sight is affected, dizziness being so extreme that perspective is incorrect. Any effort to move or raise the head increases the headache beyond endurance and encourages the likelihood of vomiting.

Apart from the sickness, unilateral headache and prostration, the migraine is frequently heralded by a tingling sensation in one hand or leg, or in the tongue. It is when this first symptom is felt that action should be taken to alleviate the onslaught. Femorgin, given hypodermically or in tablet form, can be prescribed by your doctor and will most likely stop the attack if administered in time.

If you cannot get these special tablets, or if the migraine is too advanced to stop, the only thing to do is to lie or sit (whichever is most comfortable to the patient) in a darkened room absolutely quiet, eating nothing and taking either aspirin, phenacetin or caffein to relieve the pain.

Some sufferers find they can take food during an attack, but the majority should fast until it has subsided. Cold compresses help some, hot bottles help others.

Sometimes it is possible to forestall a forthcoming attack by taking a sedative and a laxative on the night before the migraine is anticipated. This is not as fantastic as it may sound, because migraine is generally periodic, repeating at fortnightly, monthly or even longer intervals.

It is in these intervals, between attacks, that the real treatment to alleviate the migraine bugbear can be taken. Of course, everyone has a slightly different degree of the complaint, but for the most part a restful, regular daily routine, with plenty of fresh air, nourishing meals, healthy sleep and light outdoor exercise will lessen the likelihood of the recurrence of migraine.

If there is any sign of constipation, some non-habit-forming laxative such as Taxol should be taken to produce regularity, and, in addition, a good cleaning-out of the system should be made a weekly habit. A daily dose of glucose is helpful to some people. The six glasses of water each day between meals, advocated by most health specialists, is invaluable.

Mother-To-Be

1. Wear a firm, supporting, uplifting brassiere from the fourth month until the baby has actually been weaned. Do muscle-strengthening exercises for the breast every day. Hot and cold sponges alternated are good for the breasts for feeding and figure. Make it a habit with your daily bath or wash.

2. You can and should do ante-natal and post-natal exercises, with your doctor's approval, of course. If you want a list of simple, effective ones to do while carrying your baby and after the confinement, send to us.

3. Massage some lanoline ointment or skin-food into your stomach and breasts for the last six months of pregnancy to prevent those white scars known as Graviae Stridium from forming. You can continue the application to the breasts while feeding, if you like.

4. For beauty and health's sake, drink six glasses of water each day between meals from the conception until you have weaned the baby, at least.

5. Unless advised by your doctor to do otherwise, take simple and brisk, rather than straining, exercise all the time. When you go for your daily walk, walk briskly. Slow walking is as bad for you as brisk walking is good. But do not reach high, or carry heavy weights.

Having seen to the general health of your body, now spend a little time on the health of your mind. Ask yourself if you find yourself worrying about things that did not trouble you at one time. Do you anticipate disaster? Get agitated if someone is slightly late, visualising all manner of tragedies? Feel sorry for yourself and your circumstances? Snap at your associates unduly? If so, you are letting your nerves get the better of you and you must look to your mental health.

Get your doctor to prescribe a tonic for you. Read a gay book. Go to the movies. Do something different around the house. Don't just go to the chemist and try any patent tonic that takes your fancy. You may need a sedative for your nerves, or you may need a stimulant or a nerve food. Try to get plenty of restful sleep.

There is a general rule for diet if you suffer from migraine, and although diet is a difficult subject now, this rule is simple enough to follow. Avoid fats, and introduce into your diet those foods that give extra carbohydrates. For breakfast have cereal with sugar or syrup and skimmed milk, lean bacon, toast and honey, tea with skimmed milk and sugar.

White fish, boiled chicken, lean meat, tripe and rabbit are all wartime possibilities suitable for the migraine sufferer. Potatoes and green vegetables are good for you. Sago and rice flavoured with syrup are excellent sweets; avoid fat-containing puddings. For tea, rusks, plain cakes, biscuits or toast with apple jelly are best, avoiding buttered things.

For the evening meal, clear soup, meats and vegetables as suggested above, raw or cooked fruit if possible, and blancmange made with skimmed milk. Keep away from all fried or fatty foods, butter or dripping, fatty meats, cream of milk, fat fish, pastry, chocolate, nuts, and so on. If you find it too grim to keep to this diet exclusively, at least keep the general rules of it in mind and go lightly on the forbiddens.

★ *If you want help with your beauty troubles or further details of anything mentioned in these articles, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1*

Your 4 Faces

CERTAIN BEAUTY PREPARATIONS HELP TO ERASE FACE LINES. BUT BEAUTY PREPARATIONS ARE IN SHORT SUPPLY. IT IS YOUR JOB THEREFORE TO STOP LINES BEFORE THEY FORM. TAKE YOURSELF BY SURPRISE. BEFORE YOU HAVE HAD TIME TO COMPOSE YOUR FEATURES, PULL OUT YOUR POCKET MIRROR AND CATCH YOUR EXPRESSION. YOU WILL CERTAINLY BE SURPRISED. KEEP AN EAGLE EYE ON YOUR HAPPY FACE, TIRED FACE, TALKING FACE AND ANGRY FACE. THEY ARE THE CHIEF OFFENDERS. WATCH THEM CAREFULLY.

TIRED FACE is a grim offender because a tired mood is an old-feeling mood, and the lines formed will most likely grow deeper as age and periods of weariness increase. As you grow older you get tired more easily, so learn to let your face relax into passivity when you are tired instead of drawing the brows together in a frown, creasing down the corners of the mouth, wrinkling the eyes and letting your mental or physical feelings draw indelible lines.

The Tired Face includes facial mannerisms that are nervy reactions to fatigue, such as contracting the corner of the mouth, biting or sucking the lip, biting your inner cheek, and so on. There are at least three or four evening hours when you are likely to feel fatigued. If these lines are not kept away during those hours each day they will soon be so deeply engraved that with all the beauty preparations in the world you would find it difficult to wipe them off.

HAPPY FACE lines are not so grim in character, nor, sad to say, are they so frequently in place. But watch them nevertheless. Some people have a smile that creases lines around their eyes in dozens, others have a facial formation that keeps the smiles lower and may make cheek-creases and nothing else. We do not suggest that you should curb your happiness lines unduly; but you can spy on yourself sometimes when there is a big laugh around just to see what your face is doing.

It is possible to smile with your eyes in a way that is just as heart-lifting and not nearly so cheek lifting. Or you can learn to smile with your mouth slightly relaxed and open so that the, upward pressure is lessened. Don't, for heaven's sake, be stiff and unnatural about it. Otherwise life won't be worth living. Just try to remember, now and again, that the sort of smile that wrinkles your nose is only fetching when it doesn't leave a permanent wrinkle on your nose.

TALKING FACE, the "My-dear-it-was-too-ghastly" face can be a too-ghastly line etcher. The face that you believe adds drama to your conversation and colour to your story, can add creases and wrinkles to your countenance. Vivacity is a virtue, but please don't overdo it. Gaiety and animation are fine. Unnecessary facial histrionics are not. If you indulge in this kind of display the habit grows. You will be doing it all day and every day. So pull in the reins now.

Eyes can be expressive without disappearing in a web of lines, or popping out from under too highly raised eyebrows. A mouth looks lovelier when it isn't working hard like a ventriloquist's doll. Remember, too, that those raised eyebrows, mouthings, frowns, pouts, frequently disturb more than they entertain the beholder. As for grimaces, please leave these to the very young or the very old. Better still, leave them to gorillas.

ANGRY FACE is, of course, unforgivable. The angry face sears lines, ugly, forbidding lines, into your face. Never let it find a fleeting moment's rest on your features. If you must show your fury do it in the icy cold way. Don't allow your features to be twisted out of place. Every line, from frown to tightened lips or pouting mouth, is an unpleasant and ugly one.

If laughter lines can be called an asset to your face there is not the ghost of such an excuse for anger lines. Your face can do without the merest one of them, and so can the world. So even if you are feeling at loggerheads with the world, try to keep your face a mask of passivity. The next time you are furious with something, have enough mental control to shout "Hold it!" at yourself, pull out your pocket mirror and tally up the beauty cost for the self-indulgence of your angry expression. You will realise that it is not worth it.

We're All Knitting Our Own Woollies —

Abbreviations : K. = knit ; P. = purl ; M. = make ; S. = slip ; sts. = stitches ; tog. = together ; beg. = beginning.

Waistcoat And Gloves In Bias Ribbing

MATERIALS

6 ozs. Wm. Hollins' Ramada 3-ply ; Nos. 10, 12 and 13 needles ; 10 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS

Waistcoat—Round bust, 34 ins. ; length, 20 ins.

TENSION

8 sts. and 9 rows to 1 in.

Gloves—Length (including rib), 9 ins. ; width, 3 ins.

TENSION

8 sts. and 12 rows to 1 in.

THE WAISTCOAT (THE BACK)

Cast on 110 sts. with No. 12 needles. **1st row.**—* K. 2, p. 2 ; repeat from * to end of row, ending k. 2. **2nd row.**—K. the p. st. and p. the k. st. of previous row as if working stocking st. (all alternate rows to be worked in this manner). **3rd row.**—As first. **5th row.**—K. 1, * p. 2, k. 2 ; repeat from * for 55 sts. (ending p. 2), then* p. 2, k. 2 ; repeat from * to end, ending k. 1. There are 4 p. sts. together at centre, and the right side ribs are being pushed out to right, and the left side ribs to left. **7th row.**—As 5th. **9th row.**—(P. 2, k. 2) until centre 6 sts. are reached, then p. 2, k. 2, p. 2. (K. 2, p. 2) to end of row. **11th row.**—As 9th. **13th row.**—P. 1 (k. 2, p. 2) until centre 6 sts. are reached, then k. 2, p. 2, k. 2 (p. 2, k. 2) to end of row. **15th row.**—As 13th. **16th row.**—As 2nd. Repeat from first row again, and after 6 ins. have been worked change to No. 10 needles and work an inch. Continue to keep the pattern moving outwards every 4th row, and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 4th row until . (*Continued on page* 60)

Jersey—Not For Fat Girls—In Double Moss Stitch

MATERIALS

8 ozs. Copley's Excelsior 3-ply fingering ; No. 10 [illegible] needles 5 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 34 ins. ; length, 20 ins. ; sleeve seam, 18 ins.

TENSION

7½ sts. and 10 rows to 1 in.

THE FRONT

Cast on 94 sts. Work the following pattern : **1st row.**—* K. 2, p. 2 ; repeat from * to end, ending k. 2. **2nd row.**—* P. 2, k. 2 ; repeat from * to end, ending p. 2. **3rd row.**—As 2nd. **4th row.**—As 1st. Repeat these 4 rows until there are 4 ins. Now m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 4th row until there are 122 sts. Work straight until there are 13 ins. along side seam. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 94 sts.

Work straight until there are 3 ins. round armholes. Now work 37 sts., cast off 20, work 37. K. 2 tog. next this casting-off on every row (working on one shoulder) until there are 12 sts. Work straight until armhole is 8 ins. round curve. Cast off. Work other side the same.

THE SLEEVES (Two alike)

Cast on 54 sts. Work k. 1, p. 1, rib for 3 ins. Change to the pattern and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 4th row until there are 82 sts. Work straight until there are 18 ins. up side seam. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 30 sts. Cast off.

THE BACK

Work as front until it is time to decrease for armholes. Now work on half the sts. and shape exactly as front, casting off 10 sts. at centre edge where there are 20 sts. Cast off at centre of neck.

THE POCKETS (Two alike)

Cast on 80 sts. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 2 ins. Cast off.

THE NECK (Two pieces alike)

First sew up shoulder seams. Pick up 108 sts. round half neck from centre front to centre back. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib and k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row for 3 ins. * Now rib 6 sts. K. 2 tog., k. 2 tog ; repeat from * to end. Work 4 rows rib. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew 2 pieces of yoke together at front. Sew buttons to back and work loops to fasten.

LARGER SIZES

1 oz. more is needed.

36-in. bust

Cast on 102 sts. instead of 94 and have these 8 extra sts. all up work, casting off 28 instead of 20 at neck. (Side seams can be longer if needed.)

SLEEVES

Cast on 62 instead of 54. Have 38 to cast off at end instead of 30.

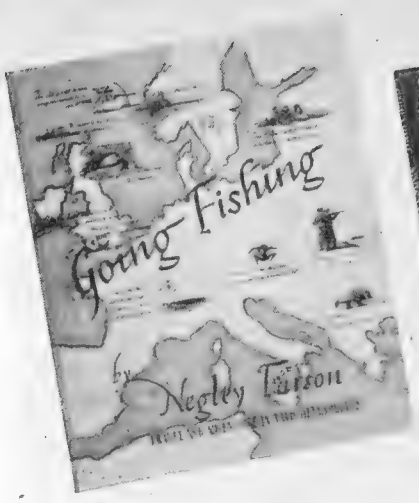
THE NECK

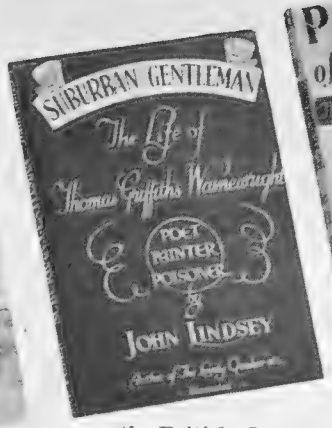
Pick up 116 sts. round half neck instead of 108.

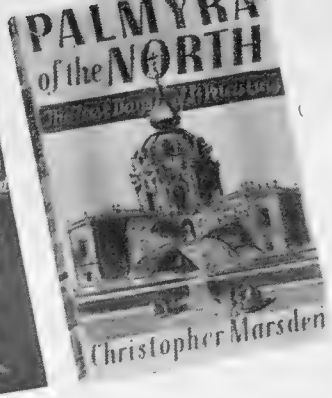
38-in. bust

As 36-in., using No. 9 needles.

— Saving A Coupon Here, A Coupon There.







Books:

Reviewed by Noel Thompson

THE dramatic and overshadowing events of the war have swamped the memories of the Spanish Civil War with all its tragedy and its rehearsals for the present conflict. Ann Bridge provides a skilful reminder in "Frontier Passage" (Chatto and Windus, 9s.). Interwoven with the love story of a journalist and a Spanish countess of opposing political sympathies are vivid scenes on the Franco-Spanish frontier, of spying and counter espionage, of Madrid, and Barcelona and Biarritz and St. Jean de Luz. Clearly she knows her subject, and through the agency of a seventeen-year-old English schoolgirl and the mélancholy Irish journalist the book lives in a peculiarly happy and convincing way, despite the grimness of the refugee scenes. But oh! as a journalist, how it grates to read of the British papers essentially disguised under such names as the "Blare" and the "Epoch," while Reuter's agency becomes "Hooter's." But that is my only criticism.

From the disguised truth in this book it is but a step to the equally disguised but very different truth in "Crisis in Zanat" (Faber and Faber, 7s. 6d.). The author, George Malcolm Thomson, is a journalist and he has taken a Ruritanian state somewhere in middle Europe and planted a rebellion on it. I liked this book from the word go. There is satire and humour galore as well as excitement in the adventures of the humdrum democratic king, the lovely but unlucky Zoe, the amorous Grand Duke, the rival leaders Rink and Bom, and the manœuvres of the British, German and Italian diplomats. This is a first novel which obviously presages successors which I personally shall welcome as light entertainment.

In the nature of things it could not be long before someone started forecasting the next war. "Grand Canyon" by V. Sackville-West (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.) does just that, but this is no horror or "Shape of things to come." It indicates a Britain conquered and a peace signed between America and Germany without specifically stating it. An Englishwoman in America is resting in Arizona at the Grand Canyon when Germany and Japan, from South America, start their air invasion of the United States. Once again we hear the familiar terms of "blackout" and "fifth column" and see through her eyes the horror of unpreparedness and inexperience in a country which knew only from hearsay. Sometimes the dialogue is rather wordy, but it all builds up the essential atmosphere and it is never for a moment dull. Courageous as the subject is, it is no more courageous than the treatment and the ending—the gradual translation of the chief actors to an after life as they escape to the bottom of the Grand Canyon.

John Lindsey has taken Thomas Griffiths Wainewright, poet, painter and poisoner, and examined this remarkable character in his "Suburban Gentleman" (Rich and Cowan, 12s. 6d.).

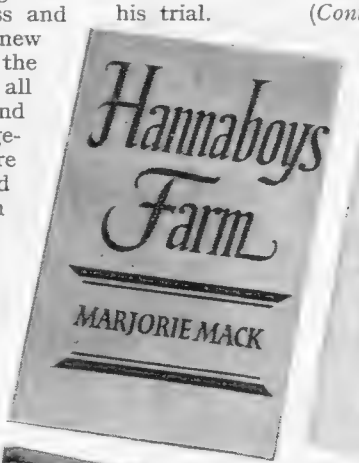
Certainly it makes an enthralling study, this dilettant would be gentleman who poisons so cold bloodedly for the sake of money to carry on his life of posed leisure. Clearly he was talented in his way, but John Lindsey's psychological analysis of his character shows how repression made him use even these talents as an amateur, although he was a friend of such celebrities as Lamb, Hazlitt and Macready, and had several pictures in the Royal Academy. Yet despite his three murders Wainewright was sentenced to transportation to Australia, where he died, for forgery committed more than ten years before his trial. (*Continued on page* 58)

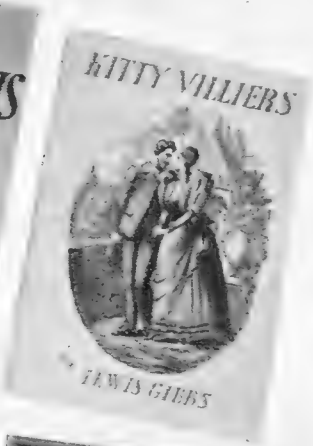
FULFILMENT OF A VOW

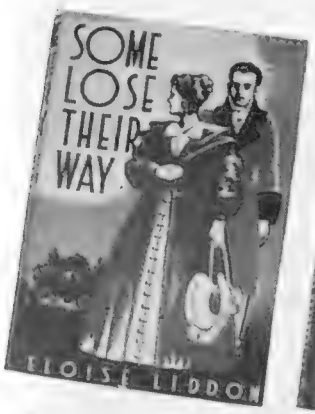
TO most people the name of Lourdes conveys something to do with miraculous cures. A few may be able to go further and debate the miracles. Franz Werfel, a refugee from Germany, had managed to reach Lourdes in 1941 when new moves by Vichy and the Nazis seemed to seal his fate. He vowed that if ever he reached America he would tell the world about Lourdes, and now he has magnificently fulfilled his vow.

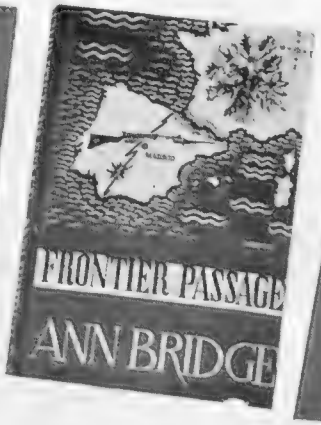
"The Song of Bernadette" by Franz Werfel (Hamish Hamilton, 10s. 6d.) tells in detail the story of the poor fourteen-year-old girl, Bernadette Soubirous, and her visions. This is far more than a novel, it is a history told with compelling sincerity, of how this simple girl, opposed by all the forces of town, church, press and state gradually triumphed without for one moment making any effort to do so.

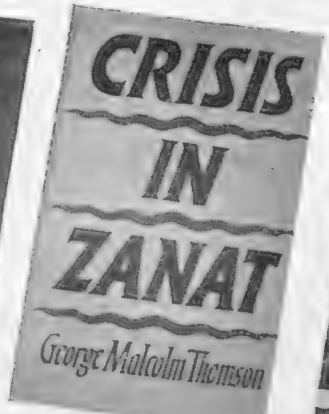
It is a wonderful and revealing story in which claims to the miraculous are carefully discounted. The numerous characters of her family, the officials, and her few supporters are beautifully portrayed like a vivid tapestry, and the author has succeeded in creating a book which will linger in the memory long after it has been read and laid aside.











HERE is a dormouse having one more run over the hazel twigs before turning in for the winter. (In circle) A hibernating dormouse asleep

Winter's "Rip Van Winkle"

Secrets of the Dormouse

By B. Melville Nicholas

DURING the last few weeks many changes have taken place in the countryside where the last leaves have fallen from the trees and the hedgerows present a sombre picture to what they were in summer. Yet the hedgerow herbage holds many a secret and quite recently whilst leisurely strolling through a country lane a movement in the bracken attracted my attention. I stood perfectly still, my eyes focused on the moving grass stems, until the yellowish buff face of a dormouse emerged.

For a moment or two the mouse and I regarded each other and then, as if confidence had suddenly returned to him, he hurriedly proceeded on his way looking the very picture of prosperity. Of course, during the summer and autumn when nuts and berries are abundant is the time when dormice eat and eat and eat until they become just roly-poly balls of fur.

But dormice do not like the cold, and as soon as the chilly, frosty winds begin to blow they realise that winter is on its way and proceed to build themselves cosy dormitories in which to sleep away the cold, dark days and nights.

And there could be no doubt that the particular dormouse of which I am writing was thus engaged, for as he emerged from the hedgerow, and proceeded down the lane, I noticed he was carrying a mouthful of soft grasses.

Naturally, my curiosity was immediately aroused and I watched carefully, to discover the dormouse's destination. But although he was clumsily built, with tiny legs and feet that seemed ridiculously small compared with the size of his body, he could travel at an amazing speed, and it was only with difficulty that my eye followed his movements over the rugged surface of the lane, and in and out of the cart-tracks. Yet, although he travelled quickly he was far from steady, and I readily came to the conclusion that the little animal's remarkably prehensile feet, with which it so firmly grips the branches, were not adapted for running.

Actually, the dormouse is an arboreal animal, never happier than when running over the hazel twigs, or dancing happily up and down the swaying stems of the honeysuckle. As a matter of fact it lives, as well as forages, among the branches, and here, too, in a neat, fragile hammock, it rears its young, sometimes at a height of ten or twelve feet above ground.

But when the trees have shed their nuts and the woodland larders become void of food the dormouse leaves its summer residence and comes down to earth to spend the winter, choosing a hole in a bank, a crevice in a tree, a disused rabbit's hole, or any similar retreat where it will be safe from the winter frost and snow.

Their nests are not always easy to find and that is why I carefully marked the place where the dormouse that I was watching disappeared ; a holly tree, heavily laden with berries, indicated the area of the dormouse's winter quarters, but little did I expect to find that the tree itself was the actual site of his dormitory. But such was the case, the cosy nest of grasses, with a leaf or two added, being neatly tucked away in a hole in the trunk, less than a foot above ground.

His two black bead-like eyes looked nervously at me as I approached, until, with one leap, he was out of the nest, on to the trunk, and thence over the holly branches. What a lovely mouse he was ! Such a round, fat, prosperous one, with a yellowish coat so sleek and glossy that it was plain to see he had been living on the best of good fare.

Days passed before I visited the dormouse again. It was a chilly evening, when robins, blackbirds and thrushes with their feathers puffed out, were perching on low branches, and even the rabbits were glad of the sheltered side of the hedge. But the dormouse had " turned in " for the winter, and although I could see no visible opening to his (*Continued on page* 67)

They're Cutting It Short

After a year or more of the crisp, short, all-over hair-styling which gives added point to all hats, is the inevitably right frame for every Service cap, and flatters almost all faces and all ages, long trailing hair seems as out of place as meat for dinner every night. It is only permissible to-day on girls too young for factory or the Services and, perhaps, on a very few glamorous young actresses. On these exceptions it must be shiningly groomed, and stern fines must be imposed on wearers whose fidgeting fingers play with the ends. The long-lived roll or curls ending at mid-neck is a half-hearted, half-way job compared with the versatile short coiffure which fits into the current simplification of our lives as a bolt into its socket.

In America they call it the "Feather Bob," and it is achieving coast-to-coast popularity. They like it because it is practical, pretty and capable of any number of individual arrangements. Here, Mary Martin (left) shows her version, focusing the interest on a heavy, divided fringe, with the sides severely away from the ears, an emphatic and interesting style for the brunette with a good jaw-line. Lana Turner's styling is gentler, more casual.

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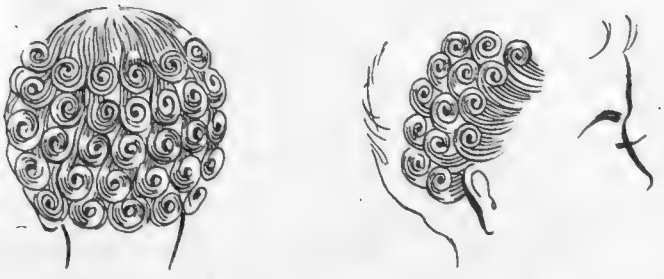

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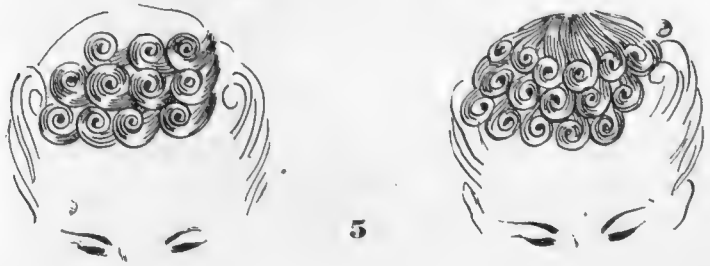


5

FOR average types, the hair is cut in three-inch lengths all over the head, permed, shampooed, set. Longer faces and necks need 4- to 5-inch lengths to give a better proportioned silhouette. If you are not going to be able to go regularly to the hairdresser, keep eagle eyes on his fingers. Observe how, first of all, he combs away all hair from the setting region. See how he directs and places the curls, some clockwise, some anti-clockwise.

When you have worked out your hair routes, north, south, east, west, straight or bias, start your disc curls, working each one round from the tip. If this is too finicky, roll the tip around a thick pencil, easing the roll off at the pointed end, laying the curl flat in the required direction and securing it with two hairpins, one crossing the other.

Good hairdressers swear—hand on heart—that apart from freshly cutting each ten to twelve weeks, and new perming each five to six months, most women can keep their own hair looking reasonably immaculate.

Its good appearance does not end with correct setting, and the producing of crisp or feathery curls. It also involves the more important behind-scenes hair care of incessant brushing and scalp massaging.

1. Styled by Steiner of Grosvenor Street, an adaptation of his Cherub Cut. The hair is trimmed, tenderly permed, set, combed out, then snipped again lightly to the required shape. It is simple to keep going, a good tempered style. **2.** A slightly longer short-cut for women who must have a fluff of hair to show at back of the ears and neck. **3.** The back hair is set in definitely directed rows of snail curls, turning outwards at the sides. **4.** In the side region the curls all twist upward, leaving first an inch of flat, straight hair. **5.** Two variations of setting for the toplock region. When dry, comb out and brush, then you can twist the curled ends into little bangs, upward rolls, separate curls, one large backward roll, combing, pulling out and pushing into your most flattering line.

Jean Burnup

How To Keep Up With Them

By Louisa Kay

Resourceful mothers use hand-me-downs . . . discard delicate colours . . . bring back the pinafore . . . teach children dress-sense

CHILDREN growing out of clothes is ever the mother's problem. To-day it is a constant tax upon her ingenuity.

Coupon shortage and high prices make it essential to plan with the utmost care so that new clothes give the best value obtainable and old ones last beyond their normal span.

Women who are clever with a needle have all the aces at this time. But even those who were not so clever are discovering talents to surprise themselves. They are recutting and remaking, enlarging and adapting their children's clothes.

For children at the beanstalk stage of development it is wise to buy new clothes in larger sizes than one would normally do. This means a certain amount of personal effort in the way of taking in seams and putting up hems, but the trouble is worth while.

Delicate colours, appealing as they are for the very young, should definitely be banished to the sphere of future indulgences. Even little babies are appearing now in dark blues and greens and the more serviceable colours. I refer, of course, to the less washable type of garment like the outdoor suit.

Hand-me-downs open a vast field of enterprise for resourceful mothers.

Men's shirts that have worn thin in the front still have much good material in them, enough, anyway, to make into little boys' blouse-shirts, small overalls for girls, tiny pants, and, for summer wear, little sleeping suits.

Men's undervests can be cut down to make warm washable knickers for a small girl, little wool petticoats for the one-year-old and wrap-over vests for the even smaller baby.

Even the oldest knitted jumper provides enough wool when unravelled and washed to make socks, gloves, woolly caps and serviceable pullovers for the youngest member of the family.

A good dressmaker can use the material of your ten-year-old tweed skirt or jacket to make a top coat for the spring for your small daughter.

Children's clothes probably suffer their greatest depredations in the wash. It is worth spending a little more time and care in washing woollies. These retain their elasticity and shape far longer if they are washed in soft water. If you don't enjoy the luxury of a water softener in your house get a water butt fixed. They are still obtainable here and there. One pailful of clean rainwater is enough to see you through the weekly wash of children's woollies. You will be surprised, too, how much soap is saved.

If soft water is unobtainable by any means, add a little ammonia to the tap water. Squeeze the woollies gently and dry them as quickly as possible without exposing them to the hottest rays of the fire.

All-covering overalls or smocks are great savers of dresses and of knitteds which cannot go into the weekly wash. Grown-up summer dresses and odd lengths of cotton material can be utilised to make pretty little smocks large enough to go over the top of the normal outfit whenever the child is indoors.

These save dirt and wear and tear to an important degree. The old pinafore tradition has died out, but for times like these it makes a sensible come-back.

Shoes are a baffling problem. To be really serviceable they must be heavy, but who wants a small regiment of clodhoppers round the house?

The answer seems to lie in a strict routine. Make a firm rule that the children change their outdoor shoes for light—but not too light—slippers whenever they come into the house. This works for good in two ways. The strong shoes which are the only lasting wear for winter weather are kept strictly for outdoors and are, in addition, saved that particular form of injury which consists in crawling about the floors and scuffling the toes.

If your child shows a tendency early in life to wear shoes into a bad shape take him to a competent foot centre for correction. There are such clinics in nearly every locality now. A few regular exercises or a simple corrective fitting in the shoes will probably check the trouble. This, apart from health considerations, will prolong the life and good appearance of shoes to a useful extent.

Make your children think about their clothes. Start them with the habit now of treating their clothes with respect. Teach them to hang them up tidily and to fold them away neatly when they are not in use. Children who keep themselves neat are not necessarily clothes' prigs, they are intelligent and responsible beings. Anyway, they will thank you later for the gift of a habit which, in every stage of life, is of value.

Shoe Shortage

Imports of leather are to be more and more restricted. This means an increasing shortage of shoes. Anyway, already the shoes you particularly want are hard to find and difficult sizes are right out of luck.

This means more care in choosing shoes and more skill in nursing them.

Suède is smart and soft but it doesn't have the long life of calf or kid.

Narrow heels are elegant but not for long when one pair of shoes is doing the work of three. And they are definitely getting scarce.

When you buy new shoes ask if possible to see your feet through the X-ray apparatus that many good stores have. See that toes move freely. That there is a space between the end of the shoe and your longest toe with the same margin in regard to width. In the absence of an X-ray wriggle your toes and if you can't do this comfortably reject the shoes.

Buy neutral styles built to live happily with a suit or an afternoon dress.

Keep shoes on trees or stuff them tightly with paper. Wipe off surplus mud and wet when you come in from the rain, but don't put the trees in until the leather is dry. Use shoe cream often and thoroughly; it feeds the leather as well as polishes it. Renew sock linings as often as they show a tendency to wrinkle or develop grease. This prevents foot acid deteriorating the leather.

Feet need daily care if you want them to be on good terms with your shoes. If they perspire, dust them with neutralising boracic powder. This means comfort to you and longer life to shoes.

Toe-nails should be trimmed short and straight across. View aching feet as a sign of ill-fitting shoes or a defect of bone or muscle. See a chiropodist or foot clinic for treatment. Foot health is vital to general well being.

A Home For A War Marriage

ONE sort of woman whose husband has gone off to the war says: "How bad will it be for him?" Another says: "It will be awful for me." The woman who fights back at Life says: "Let's get busy. Make a new setting for this new kind of life, because the old one won't do."

It was this last kind of philosophy that led to the experiment we are recording now. It is nothing spectacular, just a simple and resourceful endeavour to make the best of things.

The woman concerned has been married since the war. Both she and her husband have been, until now, engaged on war work. There was no time or opportunity to start up a home on the fullest scale so they have been living in what was, formerly, her own small bachelor apartment, with a few essential additions.

Now her husband is in the Army and a new sort of loneliness confronts her. To offset this, she has decided to go back to the parental home, but as an independent unit with quarters of her own, in which she can create a home for herself and for her husband to return to on leaves.

Her parents have given over what was formerly their dining-room to make the new sitting-room, one large bedroom and a small room for storing the surplus furniture of both. The kitchen will be shared.

THE old apartment was a one-room flat. It contained a let-down divan which was part of the permanent equipment of the flat; a large easy chair and one smaller one; a dining-table, some small chairs and a fitted carpet as well as two pairs of curtains for fairly large windows.

Out of this collection, with some pieces borrowed from her mother's home and some new additions, she has built up a charming and cosy home in the new setting.

To build up a cohesive colour scheme was not easy in view of the need to adapt used things from both homes but, with care, it has worked out.

Being a capable person she has distempered the two new rooms herself, giving them a neutral background of deep cream to facilitate the colour question. The woodwork was oak and remains so.

The carpet from the old sitting-room fits sufficiently well. The curtains proved to be a few inches short for the new window, but the addition of a top hem made from blackout material which is hidden beneath the pelmet has set this problem straight. There is only one window in the new sitting-room, which left a pair of curtains over. One pair of these has been adapted to make a curtain over the bookshelves in the fireplace recess (silver, glass and china have a new home here), and the other is to keep in hand for any later emergency.

Now came the problem of what to buy new. The dining-table from the flat had to be banished to the store room in favour of a new expanding table which would adapt more easily to its two-purpose living-room.

Buying new furniture was a tricky business. This is a home for the future, but prices are high and values doubtful to-day and the money the young people have saved for their home had to be spent with care.

After much thought and a good deal of investigation it proved that utility furniture, when it could be had, was the best value.

This furniture is coming on to the market in greater and greater quantities, but the supply is not yet sufficient for the demand. Some of the pieces best suited to their new home are not yet available, but the owner has marked them down for the future. Some pieces she already has.

THE small oak expanding dining-table stands near the window and can be enlarged when required. The sideboard is solid and plain, of good design and very spacious.

On one side of the fireplace is a set of utility bookshelves and behind the settee a useful small table for occasional use. This also is a utility item.

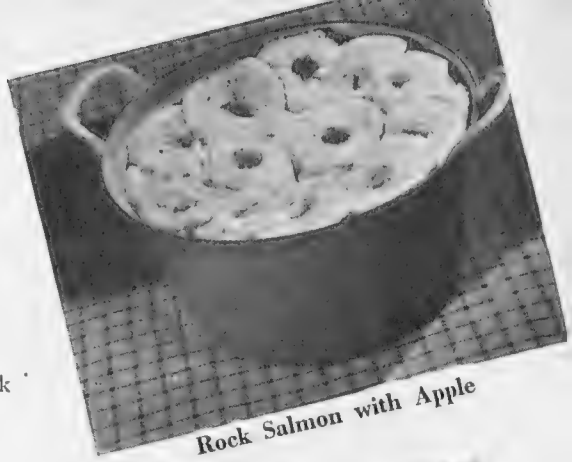
The bedroom called only for a new bed. The utility designs provided a good plain mahogany type with a comfortable mattress. The mahogany chest with the overhanging mirror is a legacy from her mother's suite. It serves as a dressing-table.

The bedroom has a deep hanging cupboard built in and to increase its usefulness as a store for miscellaneous possessions she has had two rows of shelves built around the sides and the back with a rail across the centre making hanging space for dresses. A long strip of mirror, picked up second-hand, has been fixed inside the cupboard door and serves as a wardrobe mirror.

Every penny has been spent discreetly in the equipment of this wartime home. Makeshifts were essential, but the foundations are laid for a pleasant little home in the future.

Queer Fish

All sorts of odd fish go into your net bag to-day. Saithe is rather like dark cod with large firm flakes. You may dislike ling because it dries in cooking. Counteract this. Try it filleted in a greased baking tin, covered with bacon rashers, encircled with forcemeat balls. Rock salmon has firm pink and white flesh and a distinctively sweet flavour. Try it grilled or made into pies. Experiment with gurnet, delicious grilled; or plain steamed megrim with parsley sauce.



Rock Salmon with Apple

Ling Soup—*1 lb. ling; ½ lb. potatoes; 1 teacupful household milk and vegetable stock; 1 quart water; 1 small onion or a little chopped leek; 1 oz. cooking fat or margarine; chopped parsley; salt and pepper.*

Clean the fish and cut it up small. Peel and slice the potatoes and onion.

Make the fat hot in a saucepan and put in the vegetables. Saute them for a few minutes, then add the fish and the water, and cook slowly until tender.

Pass the soup through a colander or a coarse sieve, and return it to the pan. Season, add the milk and boil up again. Just before sieving, sprinkle in the chopped parsley.

Rock Salmon with Apple—*1½ lb. rock salmon; ½ lb. cooking apples; 1 lb. parboiled potatoes; browned breadcrumbs; ½ pint white sauce; 1 teaspoonful vinegar; ½ teaspoonful mixed spice; salt and pepper.*

Cut the fish into slices 1½ inch thick. Peel, core and slice the apples, slice the potatoes and put them into a greased fireproof dish, finishing with a layer of apples. Add to the white sauce the vinegar, spice and seasoning. Pour the sauce over the dish, scatter crumbs on top and bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes.

Baked Skate—*1 lb. skate; 1 breakfastcupful household milk and vegetable stock; 1 tablespoonful margarine or dripping; 1 teacupful finely grated cheese; 1 level tablespoonful flour; salt, pepper and mustard.*

Clean the fish and simmer in salted water until the flesh is nicely set.

In a small saucepan melt the fat, stir in the flour smoothly and cook together until of a honeycomb texture. Gradually add the liquid (milk and stock) and cook, stirring, until the sauce is thick. Season with salt, pepper and dry mustard.

Remove the skin from the fish and bone it. Flake, and put in a greased fireproof dish. Sprinkle with some of the cheese, pour the sauce over and add the rest of the cheese. Bake in a moderate oven for twenty-five to thirty minutes.

Curried Skate—*1 lb. skate; 1 tablespoonful chopped onion or leek; 1 dessertspoonful curry powder; 1 teacupful household milk and vegetable stock; salt; pepper; frying fat.*

Boil the fish and allow to cool. Make fat very hot in a saucepan and add the onion. Fry slowly till light brown, and add the curry powder, dissolved in the household milk. Cook slowly, blending well. Add the fish, cook five minutes more, season and serve. This dish should cook *slowly*; don't use a fierce fire.

Madras Fish Cakes—*¾ lb. any cooked fish; 6 oz. mashed potato; 2 teaspoonfuls chutney; ½ teaspoonful curry powder; 2 oz. margarine; chopped parsley; salt; pepper; breadcrumbs; frying fat.*

Free fish from skin and bone, and mix with potato, adding chutney, curry powder, margarine and seasoning. Put into a pan and make thoroughly hot, stirring. Take out of pan, allow to cool and form into round, flat cakes. Brush over with a little milk and cover with browned breadcrumbs. Fry until brown. Serve sprinkled with chopped parsley. Fried artichoke "chips" go well with this dish.

Fish Dumplings with Celery Sauce—*½ lb. of any white fish; 1 dried egg; 1 teacupful breadcrumbs; 1 teacupful household milk and vegetable stock; 1 teaspoonful finely chopped onion or leek; 1 teaspoonful chopped parsley; salt and pepper; celery sauce.*

Chop or flake the fish finely. Put the milk in a saucepan, add the breadcrumbs and cook to a paste. Remove from the fire and put in the fish, the whipped egg, the onion and parsley, salt and pepper.

Shape into small even balls about the size of a walnut and cook slowly in boiling salted water for twenty minutes. Drain the little dumplings, turn on to a hot dish lined with well-beaten mashed potato and coat with celery sauce.

Creamed Dogfish—*1 lb. cooked flaked dogfish; 8 oz. breadcrumbs; 2 oz. cooking fat; 4 tablespoonfuls chopped parsley; 1 teaspoonful mixed herbs; salt and pepper; 1 teacupful water; 1 teacupful milk and fish stock; 1 oz. flour.*

Mix together the breadcrumbs, fat, half the parsley and herbs; season with salt and pepper and bind with water. Grease a cake-tin and line it with this stuffing. Bake until nicely browned. Make a sauce with the milk-fish stock mixture and the flour. Stir in the rest of the parsley and the flaked fish.

Remove the ring from the cake-tin and pile the fish mixture into the stuffing case.

Stuffed Fish—This recipe can be used for any whole fish weighing about 2 lb.—haddock, whiting, small cod—or individual steaks of cod, ling, rock salmon or hake.

Cook ½ lb. potatoes and mash them with pepper and salt, and a tablespoonful each of chopped parsley, grated cheese and bacon fat. Bind the mixture with a little of the water in which the potatoes were boiled and, if it can be spared, a little dried egg (reconstituted).

Madras Fish Cakes

Wash the fish and, if a whole one is used, leave the head on. Split down the front and pack with the stuffing, sewing up the opening with cotton. In the case of the steaks just spread the stuffing on top.

Bake in a quick oven, or fry until brown in a little fat, or cook in fat in a lidded pan on the fire.

Points For

Here are ways of expending people (twenty points each). changing; you may find varia current shop lists. But it should

1. Family of Four, including Two Young Children

	Points
1 tall can salmon Grade III	8
1 can sardines	6
1 lb. syrup	8
2 packets cornflakes	4
2 lb. split peas or lentils	4
1 lb. chocolate biscuits	8
½ lb. sweet biscuits	2
½ lb. sultanas	8
4 lb. dried beans	4
2 cans tinned milk	16
1 lb. rice	4
2 lb. prunes	8
	80

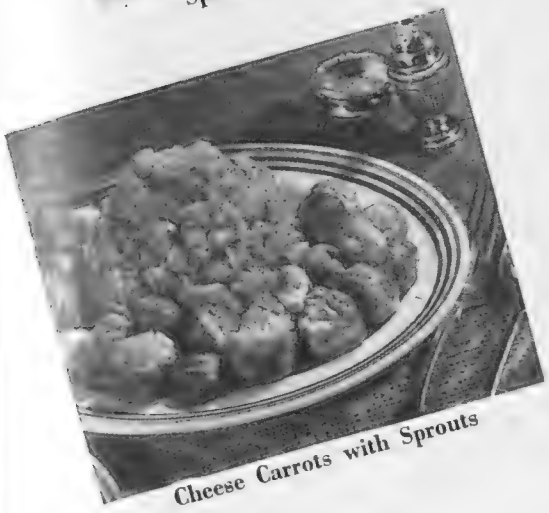
2. Family of Four, including Two Schoolchildren

	Points
1 can American pork sausage meat	9
12 oz. Canadian ham loaf, sliced	12
1 can pilchards	6
2 lb. sweet biscuits or 1 can syrup	8

Vegetable Variety

The word vegetable has assumed new significance in the kitchen to-day. We used to think it not particularly interesting, just a supplementary background to the important part of the dish. As such, it was often dull and without nutriment because of indifferent cooking. Now that vegetables frequently have to be the main dish, the English have learnt how to cook them so that their essential nutriment is fully conserved and their characteristic flavour properly enjoyed.

Spinach with Rolled Oats



Cheese Carrots with Sprouts

Sprouts au Gratin—*1½ lb. Brussels sprouts; little margarine; nutmeg; 4 oz. grated cheese; milk to moisten; salt and pepper.*

Cook sprouts in a little salted water in a lidded pan; drain, and put in a shallow fireproof dish with margarine, pepper and a little grated nutmeg. Sprinkle with grated cheese, moisten with milk and brown quickly under the grill.

Spinach with Rolled Oats—*2 lb. spinach; 2 oz. rolled oats; 2 oz. dripping; 1 teacupful household milk; salt and pepper; grated nutmeg; mashed potatoes.*

Wash and chop spinach roughly. Throw into ¾ pint boiling salted water. Sprinkle in the oats and boil till cooked, when all the moisture should be absorbed. A little more boiling water can be added if necessary.

When oats are done, stir in milk and dripping, and add salt, pepper and a little grated nutmeg.

Keep hot on the side of the stove for about ten minutes before serving in a wall of mashed potatoes.

Cheese and Leek Pie—*6 leeks; 3 oz. grated cheese; ½ breakfastcupful breadcrumbs; 1 breakfastcupful white sauce; 1 tablespoonful margarine; salt and pepper.*

Boil leeks, drain and cut in two-inch lengths. Grease a shallow baking dish, put in two or three tablespoonfuls of the white sauce and then a layer of leeks. Mix the rest of the sauce well with half the cheese, and pour some over the leeks. Repeat the layers with more leeks and cheese sauce. Scatter breadcrumbs over the rest of the cheese on the top, adding dabs of margarine. Brown under the grill.

Cheese Carrots with Sprouts—*1½ lb. carrots; 4 oz. grated cheese; 1 oz. margarine; 1 tablespoonful vinegar; ½ teaspoonful salt; ½ teaspoonful dry mustard; grated nutmeg; pepper and salt.*

Scrape carrots, and cook till soft in a little salted water; drain and mash. Add margarine, vinegar, salt, pepper, nutmeg (one pinch), and cheese. Mix well, stirring over a low heat, until creamy. Pile on a hot serving dish and surround with well-drained Brussels sprouts.

Stuffed Onions—*4 onions; ¼ lb. sausage meat; 1 rasher bacon; 1 teaspoonful sugar; dripping; salt and pepper.*

Parboil and drain the onions. Cut a hole through the centre of each and chop the onion thus removed with the sausage meat. Stuff the cavities with the mixture and put in a baking dish with a little dripping. Sprinkle with pepper, salt and sugar. Divide the rasher into four and put a piece on each onion. Bake in a quick oven or under the grill, basting occasionally.

Beetroot Soup—*3 beetroots; 1 head celery; 2 pints milk and water; a little margarine; salt and pepper.*

Boil or bake the beetroots, and when nearly done, peel and chop up. Clean and chop the celery and cook with the beetroot in the milk and water until tender. Pass through a sieve, season to taste, add a little margarine and serve.

Stuffed Turnips—*4 good-sized turnips; 2 rashers of bacon; tomato ketchup; 3 tablespoonfuls breadcrumbs; salt and pepper.*

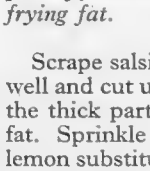
Wash the turnips and boil them in their skins. When soft, drain and peel them, cut a piece off the top of each and scoop out the middle.

Chop the bacon, which should be cooked, and mix with the cooked, scooped-out turnip, the breadcrumbs, a dash or two of tomato ketchup, and salt and pepper. Stuff the cavities with this, plug it on top of the turnips, and reheat under the grill.

Salsify Sauté—*1 lb. salsify; sprigs of parsley; lemon substitute; salt and pepper; frying fat.*

Scrape salsify and boil until soft. Drain well and cut up into short chunks, dividing the thick parts in two. Fry lightly in hot fat. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and a little lemon substitute. Serve with fried parsley.

Scorzonera, another delicious root vegetable, can be cooked in the same way.



Parsnip and Potato Pancake—*1½ lb. potatoes; 1½ lb. sliced parsnips; salt; pepper; frying fat.*

Scrub and boil potatoes and parsnips. Peel, and split the parsnips to remove the hard core. Mash potatoes and parsnips well together, seasoning well. Make the fat hot in a frying pan and put in the mixture in a flat cake. When crisp and brown on one side turn and fry the other.

★

By Harriet Muir

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Three Months

points for three months for four Points values are constantly tions from this schedule in the act as a useful guide for :

	Points
1 lb. "welfare" biscuits	1
1 can peas	4
2 lb. prunes	8
1 can tinned milk	8
1 lb. can beans in tomato sauce	4
4 lb. dried beans	4
3 lb. rice	12
2 packets cornflakes	4
	80

3. Family of Four Adults

	Points
1 can Spam	24
1 can American sausage meat or 1 can tomatoes	9
1 lb. baked beans in tomato sauce	4
1 tall can salmon Grade III	8
5 lb. dried haricot beans	5
2 lb. prunes or ½ lb. sultanas	8
2 lb. rice	8
1 can tinned milk	8
2 lb. plain biscuits	2
2 lb. lentils or 1 can peas	4
	80

He's Different—

How About You?

WAR changes many things. It particularly changes people. One of the sterner facts of war is the need to adjust ourselves, not only to differences of environment, but to fundamental changes in those we love.

To women who have been left at home it may come as a surprise and a shock, unless they are prepared for it, to discover that the men who come back from war are not the men who went away.

On the face of it this is alarming. Underneath it is a challenge to our understanding and a call to faith and friendship.

What are these changes? How can we prepare to meet them and to rebuild our joint lives upon a basis of mutual understanding?

For a start, the man who has been up to the chin in war comes back mellowed by experience and aged in spirit by a sterner and wider knowledge of the world. In some cases he is hardened by suffering and toil against great odds. In all cases these men have broken with the habits of years. Some of them have lived a thousand years in a few months. How can they be the same?

These are not the men of the past but men of the future and, as the women who are waiting for them, it is our responsibility and our duty to adjust ourselves in sympathy and co-operation, and to do it *in time*.

Freedom from the little intimate restrictions of home life is something else that men have gained by separation from home and family. Whether or not they want or like this new detachment from the wifely apron strings is neither here nor there. The fact is that it has been forced upon them and in time forms a habit which they may be reasonably expected to cling to.

It will be part of our task (and a part calling for special efforts of self discipline) to remember that re-attachment to the apron strings is a delicate business calling for tact and tolerance. In fact, it might be as well to decide, once and for all, whether apron strings are an incentive to happiness or a deterrent.

Adjustments must be physical and mental. We must be ready for new outlooks, new friends, new standards of health and occupation.

Warriors are tough people. Our first and foremost charge is to guard the new physical health and vitality of our men as if it were a jewel and to see to it, by every means, that the solace of home life is equitably tempered in the future with the means of sustaining the health and the vitality which a soldier's life confers.

Physical toughness is one of the rewards of war which can be seen and measured and, if we will it, preserved for the future.

This state of fitness is due to a life of physical activity; to constant and even uncomfortable familiarity with the fresh air; to simple food, eaten with the kind of appetite that is only stimulated by manual work and also to a mental vitality bred of all these things, and which, in turn, reflects itself in stronger physical reactions.

Another factor, perhaps less easy to adjust to, is "restlessness."

Simple reasoning shows that you cannot take a human being straight out of a life of stern discipline and sustained excitement and plant him, suddenly, back into the easy, monotonous, go-as-you-please environment of a civilian life, without some very strong reactions.

It is vital that women should be ready to interpret these reactions in the proper way. They must be prepared not to panic and misunderstand causes and motives, but to steer the boat calmly, with knowledge and, when conditions call for it, with humour.

Face the fact bravely that what was once most pleasing to the man you share your life with may no longer have the same power to charm.

Above all, be impartial, broad-minded and sensible enough to reject the fear that because he has changed about some things he has also changed about you. He hasn't.

Your man should be no less dear to you because his experience has given him a new angle on life. You will be no less dear to him because his contacts have widened and his horizons deepened. You will certainly be more dear if you can travel in step with him along the road of experience.

After all, you have been living in different worlds lately. His is a world of men and travel and hard realities. Yours, perhaps, is still a world of home and children. It may be of the factory or the office. In any case your worlds are widely separated. You have few points of contact but your love.

Once you shared the same friends, the same roof, the same interests and the same trivial repetition of daily events. Now all is different and the difference varies only in ratio to the time and the distance which separates you.

Don't overlook the fact, either, that you, too, perhaps have changed. You may not be aware of it but the things you do, the friends you have, the places you go to are different from what they were. Then the chances are that you yourself are different, too. That is something for him to think about and adjust himself to when the time comes.

You may be feeling the effects of this already. When he comes home on leave you find him talking overmuch about *his* life. He catches you talking rather too freely about *yours*. Again, perhaps you find him, after a few days, missing the clockwork routine that has become the core and centre of his existence. You, in your turn, may seem to him a little too preoccupied with the soft trivialities of civilian life.

But the joys and interests of a short leave overcome these difficulties. You are together. Later, when he is home for good they may prove a little more insistent, a little harder to dispose of.

This shows the need to be ready. Take the issue deliberately aside now and try thus analysing it. Prepare so well that when the time comes you will be ready for the new life.

On his leaves, if he is still in this country, practise the sort of life you intend to build when he is back for good. Make yourself familiar with his new interests. Use your brain and your good will to keep him fit. Put his mind and his heart at peace by your assurances that his interests are yours and yours his.

It won't always be easy. It calls for some sacrifice of personal preoccupations and for a steady faithful attachment to proved assets and a common-sense detachment from dazzling but unproved new ones. War and separation are dangerous things, but they have the advantage, too, of showing the true metal of your love.

W. L.

INSPIRATION

Elizabeth Arden understands the need that every woman feels—especially in war-time—to look her loveliest. If you pride yourself—in spite of new anxieties and responsibilities—on looking always fresh, youthful and unruffled, you know the importance of using perfect powder. Every Elizabeth Arden powder is an inspired creation—light, extraordinarily lasting, smooth as a flower-petal... It is a compliment to the natural beauty of your complexion.

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They're Friendly
They're Smart
They're Hutton's

In a full range of colours.
Ask for "Hutton" Shoes by name at Dolcis, Lilley & Skinner's, Saxone, and most good Shoe Shops.

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'Making up'

is not easy in wartime

Personality
TURTLE OIL SOAP

More than a Soap-A Beauty Treatment,

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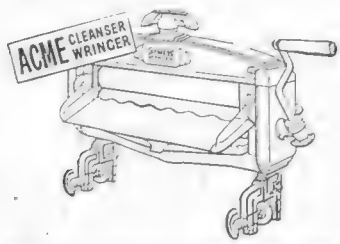
PERSONALITY BEAUTY PRODUCTS
ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH

1/9
Each Large Tablet

Mrs. Mullins snapped it up...

She was one of the lucky ones — she found an Acme Wringer in the shop even after war had broken out — when Acme's former employees had switched over to action stations. And don't blame the makers if you can't find an Acme on sale to-day — their craftsmen are busy on more serious work elsewhere. And in the meantime you'll just have to borrow Mrs. Mullins' and wait for the day when Acme will be back again in the shops just as good as ever . . .



AMERICAN MEDLEY

IT is a fallacy that a common language makes for understanding between nations. We and the Americans share the same language, but as a common denominator, this bond is by itself a snare and a delusion.

The only true basis of understanding is real knowledge of the things past and the things present which form the fibre and the spirit of a nation.

To appreciate and to like our American visitors we must know something of the country and the history which has made them what they are. This is only a brief attempt to shed light upon the matter, but it is a beginning.

That which dominates the American character and provides the key to essential differences with ourselves is the size of the country in which they live.

There are 160 million people in the U.S.A. and forty million here. There are three million square miles of territory in the United States.

These statistics are significant in relation to the American national make-up. Familiarity with huge distances, populations which touch astronomical figures and, in themselves, provide a power and strength which is incomputable, have bred men and women who think and act upon a commensurate scale.

The American is a vigorous, quick-thinking, stimulating personality because the climate he was bred in makes him so. Its prevailing characteristic is of a clear brilliance and a dry electrical stimulation, which is the unquestionable source of the energy of the typical North American.

The average American is more travelled than the European. Americans drive three thousand miles from the eastern seaboard to the Pacific coast, staying in cheap, comfortable rest camps on the way. They come to Europe in droves and "do" the Continent in peace time with an incredible rapidity which is part of their easy familiarity with distances.

American food is varied, colourful and rather exciting. The reasons for this are several. In the first place a huge continent produces an abundance of different foodstuffs which are easily transported over thousands of miles. Many different races have brought their own gastronomic interests to the U.S.A. and each one of them has come to stay. Finally, there is the climate again, producing extremes of heat and cold which give a stimulus to invention and presenting needs and problems unknown in more equitable climes.

It is practically traditional that the American woman is more pampered by her menfolk than the women of any other race. This may be because the Americans are just naturally sensible, or it may be a legacy from the pioneer days when women were very scarce in America. In any case, the American woman is lovely because she is much loved.

The history of America is one of exploration and conquest mainly by three European powers—the Spanish, the French and the English. This is probably the source of America's former and inherent detachment from European affairs.

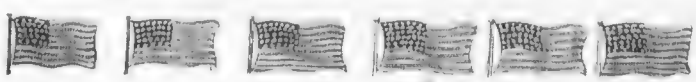
In fairness to ourselves it must be allowed, however, that although the Spaniards came for treasure and the French to trade in furs, the English came as refugees from the civil wars and the political and religious tyranny of Cromwell. They came, in fact, in search of peace and freedom.

The break-away from British rule was the result of oppression by George III. It ended with the complete secession of the colonies in 1776, an event with a deep significance for the English at home because it disposed, once and for all, of the King's leanings towards dictatorship and established Parliamentary Government here upon a sound and lasting basis.

We get our notions rather too freely from the movies, but the American way of life is not so highly glamourised as the pictures would have us believe.

Palatial homes are many in America, but the hard core of the American population lives simply in a white frame house (wood, to you) detached from its neighbour because lebensraum is not a problem in such a vast continent.

Hollywood glamourisation is misleading. On the other hand, the general standard of living in the United States is higher than our own. This is partly accounted for by higher wages, better natural resources, and the efficiency inherent in a young and virile race, eager for great experiments. It is just as well to remember, too, that so far as efficiency is concerned they have all the aces. Better films, better merchandise, better homes owe their existence in part, to the fact that selling to twenty-five million is better than selling, as in our own country, to forty million.



Weetabix IS FOOD PURE and SIMPLE

• PURE !

All the goodness, all the life-giving energy of wheat is in Weetabix. And the kiddies need no encouragement to eat and thrive on Weetabix —it's so delicious !

• SIMPLE !

Ready in a moment ! No cooking—SAVES FUEL, saves time. Weetabix is more than a breakfast food, for it makes a meal at any moment without fuss or preparation.

SMALL SIZE (2 Points) 7½d. LARGE SIZE (4 Points) 1/1

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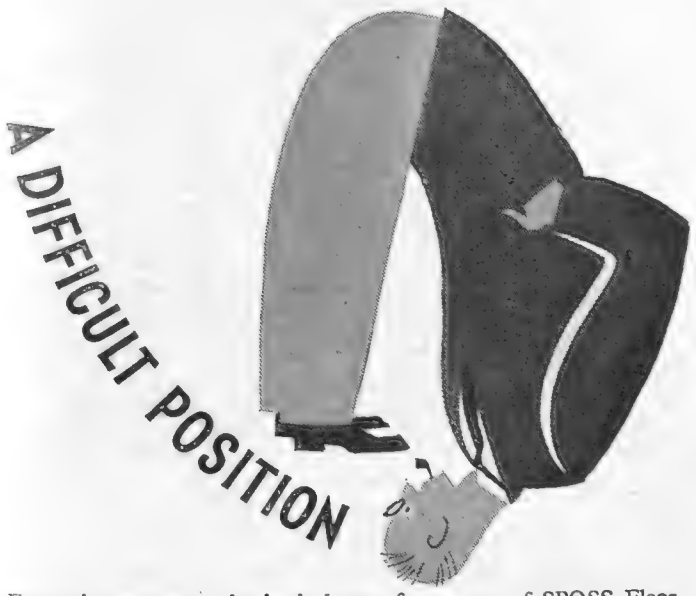

Every day we get enthusiastic letters from users of SPOSS Floor Dressing—but unfortunately supplies are limited and we can only try to supply existing customers with small quantities.
WINDOW SHEEN, for glass and silver is, however, in good supply.
But do write to us if you have any cleaning or household renovations problems. Our Domestic Science authority, Mrs. Mary Jordan, will be very glad to give you expert advice and help.

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"YOU WERE NEVER LOVELIER"
A Columbia Picture

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. . . difficult to obtain and you may have to search for it . . . but everything possible is being done to ensure your fair share of these carefully chosen cosmetics.

Remember . . . there's a COLOUR HARMONY MAKE-UP for your own individual colouring.

Owing to circumstances over which we have no control, slight alterations in packs will have to be made but the high quality of Max Factor cosmetics *will remain unchanged.*

Save your Lipstick containers

Packed so as to conserve vital metal for the war effort, Max Factor Lipstick Refills are ready to fit the container we hope you have saved.

Max Factor ★

HOLLYWOOD & LONDON

For

women who

march with

the times—

TAMPAX

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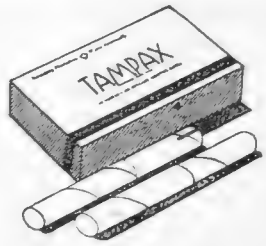
Sanitary Protection

WORN INTERNALLY



Prices 7d. & 1/9. Sold by Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors, and other chemists, departmental stores, drapers, Woolworth's, Marks & Spencer Ltd., and THE N.A.A.F.I.

Tampax Ltd., Northolt, Middlx.

Old Tales Re-told

(Continued from page 24)

to be a king, and I refuse to be the subject of a king, whoever he may be. There will be no submission from me, or from my generation to come."

His request was granted and Otanes left the council.

The six men proceeded with their deliberations. They abandoned the idea of drawing lots in favour of a more original method. The following morning at daybreak each of them would mount his charger and ride to a fixed point on the outskirts of the city. The one whose steed neighed first after the rising of the sun should mount the throne of Persia.

DIRECTLY the meeting broke up Darius sent for his groom, Oebares, a quick-witted knave with a wonderful knowledge of horses. He told him of the plan and asked him if he could devise any means to make his Arab stallion neigh at the right time. Oebares thought hard. Then he announced that he had a charm which could not fail.

Without any further explanation he went back to the stables. When darkness fell he chose from amongst the mares one which roused Darius's charger to frenzied demonstrations whenever she was near.

He led the mare to the spot fixed for the meeting, tethered her to a tree and went off to fetch the stallion. Holding him firmly under control he led him round and round the tree, tightening the circle every time until at last he left the two animals together. Then separately he led them back to their stables.

Next morning, as his master was about to set out for the momentous meeting, Oebares went to the mare's stable and rubbed his hand energetically on her glossy coat; then without touching anything else he put his hand into the pocket of his leather trousers. Then he assisted Darius to mount, holding the bridle with his other hand.

After this the six candidates set off at a gentle pace, accompanied by their respective grooms.

They reached the appointed place just as the sun appeared. Darius's steed, nearing the tree where the mare had been tethered, pranced with eagerness. And just then Oebares put out his hand and caught the bridle. It was the hand that until then had been hidden in his pocket. The stallion's nostrils dilated and he leapt forward towards the tree, neighing loudly.

His companions immediately saluted Darius as King of Persia—and while they were doing so, a curious phenomenon occurred. Out of a clear blue sky appeared a flash of lightning, accompanied by a clap of thunder.

So began the dynasty of Achæmenids. One of the conditions agreed upon by the seven confederates was that the new king's wives should only be chosen from among their own families. Darius, without wasting any unnecessary time, married Phædima, the brave and beautiful daughter of Otanes, who had played so important a part in unmasking the Magian. In addition he married Atossa and her virgin sister, Astystone. Apparently these were not enough, for he also took Phratagune, an attractive niece of Gobrya, and Parmys, daughter of the real Smerdi and granddaughter of Cyrus the Great.

FESTIVITIES and religious thanksgivings were held throughout Asia, while at court Darius divided his time between the responsibilities of statecraft and joys of a five-fold honeymoon. But in the midst of this rejoicing, the horse which had brought him his kingdom now caused him suffering and misfortune.

One day, in dismounting from the saddle, Darius badly sprained his foot. For seven days and nights he suffered great pain, which was increased by the clumsy attentions of the court physicians. At last someone recommended a certain Greek slave called Democedes who was famous for his medical powers. Darius ordered the man to be brought before him with all speed. Democedes appeared, fettered and clothed in nothing but a few rags.

Nervous of undertaking to cure the king, he tried to excuse himself on the grounds of possessing only superficial knowledge. But Darius meant to make him attempt the cure, and threatened him with the cruellest tortures as an alternative.

Thus driven to experiment, Democedes altered his mind and with a gentle and soothing touch manipulated the wrenched heel into its proper position.

Darius, who had given up all hope of regaining the use of his foot, was so overjoyed that he decided to keep Democedes with him for ever, and as recompense gave him a symbolic present in the form of two heavy chains of pure gold. Democedes asked if he were right in assuming that, though now of gold, his fetters were doubled? Darius gave him no direct answer, but told him to go to the apartments of his wives who were all eager to know him and would wish to load him with gifts. He did so, and the royal ladies crowded about him, lavishing on him so many handfuls of gold pieces that he had to ask the help of a page to carry them away.

One of the wives, Atossa, requested his presence at once in her private apartment; and there she told him that she had a boil on one of her breasts which caused her terrible pain. Democedes, whose only ambition was to return to Greece a free man, this time stipulated certain conditions before he would help her. She must promise to aid him to get back to Greece. Atossa accepted the bargain. He found the boil to be a nasty one, and operated on it with his dexterous and delicate touch. So masterly was his treatment that the wound left no trace to mar the beauty of the royal patient. A few days later Atossa kept her word. She persuaded Darius to send Democedes to Greece in order, as she said, "to guide spies as a preliminary to invasion." Thus Democedes earned, and gained, his reward.

And here the history of Darius, King of Persia, really begins; but we can find no more mention of the influence on his life and career of the Arab stallion who gained him an empire.

END

The Nelson Touch

(Continued from page 19

come nearer and I see there's one missing. And they come into the harbour, cocky as ever, line astern and swinging to line abreast to slip into their pens, just like being on parade except I can see some of them 'as been shot up a bit. Then, me knowing all their pens, I see it's Cornstalk's boat that's missing.

"She sees it at the same time as me and she goes stiff-like all of a sudden, and there she stands. There she stands without moving, while they fuss round with the stretchers, but I know there ain't none of Cornstalk's crew on them stretchers. Then the boys begin to straggle—like they always do—up to here to tell me all about it and to 'ave one or two to stiffen 'em up.

"Then, quiet like, she turns to me: 'There's a back way out?' she says.

"Out she goes the back way so's they don't see her, and I watch her going up the hill with all the starch she ever had back there in her backbone. 'She's a good 'un,' I says to the missus. Then I says to the missus: 'You go and serve the boys. I've got to sit down and 'ave a good cry.'"

At this Gertie laughed in a very apologetic manner.

"It always takes me like that when some of the boys don't come back."

Gertie found a bad spot on the bar and rubbed with redoubled vigour. I couldn't help a queer feeling in my throat as I thought of those three boys I had met in the French pub in Soho only a week before—Baby-blue-eyes, number two, and Cornstalk—commanding their own little ships (Continued on page 54)

COTY

PERFUMES &
BEAUTY COSMETICS

Coty, for thirty-three years the world's greatest creators of the finest Perfumes and Beauty Cosmetics are even now planning for the "After the War" resumption of Coty's complete service to woman's birthright—Beauty. Now and until victory is won the production of Coty Creations is greatly reduced. Not so the quality which remains unimpaired. Please use sparingly of what may be purchased. Coty Creations are now more precious than ever.

Coty

The creators of L'Origan, L'Aimant, Paris, Chypre, Emeraude, Styx, Muguet, "Air Spun" Face Powder, Eau de Coty, Eau de Cologne Cordon Rouge, Eau de Cologne Four Seasons, etc., etc.

Gas
WATER HEATERS
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MAIN
their reliability is emphasised today

BRONCHIAL BABY
grows into 'BONNY CHILD'

IF your youngster is inclined to be "chesty" start now with POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE. Many a bronchial child has rapidly "grown out" of the complaint thanks to the wonderful properties of this old-fashioned remedy. Simply wonderful in Asthma, Whooping Cough, Croup, congestion, etc. Thousands have used it on the advice of the family doctor.

Easy and pleasant to administer—just burn a little in a saucer during the sleeping hours. All Chemists, Herbalists and Stores 2/2 per tin (incl. pur. tax) or 2/5 post free from makers :—

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ATS AND WAAF
REHEARSE THEIR RÔLE FOR THE OFFENSIVE

ENEMY PLANES OVERHEAD! An anti-aircraft battery at work in their command post. When the offensive opens, it will still be their job to direct fire against enemy planes. Women of the ATS handle this job magnificently. Working side-by-side with men, sharing responsibility with them, facing hardship and danger as comrades in arms, they defend the airfields and factories, the villages and cities they love, and the people who live and work in them. Thousands more women are needed for this work — needed urgently

SECURED! Women of the WAAF "bed" their balloon. Women have proved themselves so adept at this that they are being drafted to more and more sites, thus releasing airmen for other duties. It's a grand open-air life for a strong woman who wants to be in the front line and have a crack at the enemy. Thousands more women are needed in the WAAF as balloon operators.

THE offensive must not fail. Every woman, married or single, who is not doing vital work, is needed now in the ATS or the WAAF.

There are scores of different kinds of work open. Some need special qualifications, but for most jobs experience is not needed: you will be trained.

Pay depends on the work you take up. The lowest starting rate is 2/- a day and all found. The age limits, as a rule, are 17½ to 43. For some trades they are higher — up to 50.

If you were born between January 1918 and July 1922, you may now be accepted for the ATS or WAAF, but go to the Employment Exchange in the first instance.

Not Enough Single Girls

The great number needed for the Services cannot be got unless married women who have no children and can be spared from their present work come forward and volunteer.

Every woman who can be spared is urgently needed.

But how do you know whether or not you can be spared?

Go to the nearest Recruiting Centre or Employment Exchange and say you want to volunteer for the Services. *They* will find out whether you can be spared from your present work.

IF you cannot go to the Recruiting Centre or Employment Exchange at once, send in the coupon. but remember, time is short.

297 Oxford Street, London, W.1 *KY1*

Please send me full information about the

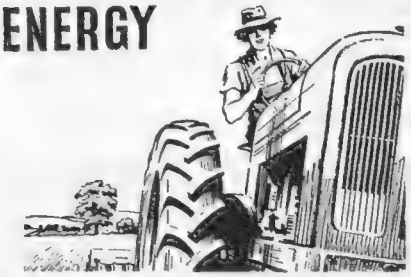
☐ *ATS* ☐ *WAAF* ☐ *BOTH*
Tick which you want

Name: *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....
Cross out "Mrs." or "Miss"

Address .....

County ..... *Date of birth* ..... *In confidence*

STRENGTH AND ENERGY



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Wheat is nature's finest food . . . and Welgar Shredded Wheat is pure whole wheat in its most nourishing and appetising form. For breakfast it supplies the energy needed to face the arduous duties of the day with cheerfulness and courage. Welgar Shredded Wheat is rich in those elements of nourishment that build up General Fitness and create Energy; it has, moreover, a delightful wheaten flavour which appeals to young and old. Ready to serve . . . needs no cooking . . . the best value for your points.

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You can ADJUST it here

A new ingenious drawcord is the secret. Non-elastic, because of the rubber shortage, and invisible in wear, it enables the net to slip on easily and ensures it holding on.

'HALO' Regd

NON-ELASTIC INVISIBLE **HAIR NETS**

OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE

in the midst of a tornado of action, reckless of themselves but handling their powerful craft with the dash and speed of hockey players.

I fumbled for a cigarette. "So Cornstalk is gone?"

Gertie spat on her cloth and rubbed at the recalcitrant spot. "Well," she began. She stopped, spat again on the cloth, and rubbed harder. "In a manner of speaking, he's gone. I was up yesterday to see him in hospital."

"Ha!" I said with obvious relief, much to Gertie's dramatic satisfaction. "He was picked up?"

"Yes," she said. "But they shot a bit of his shoulder away; them nasty Focky-Wolves did it, they say."

"And the admiral?"

"That's the trouble. When I visited Cornstalk, he says: 'Gertie,' 'e says, 'I'm in a 'ell of a mess.'"

"'I can see that,' I says. 'Knocked you about a bit, didn't they.'

"'Not that,' he says, 'it's the admiral.'

"'What about the admiral?' I says.

"'I don't know what the 'ell to do,' he says.

"'All right,' I says, 'don't fuss. Tell Gertie all about it.'"

"Go on," I said, impatiently.

"All right, all right," said Gertie.

"Then he says: 'It's like this, Gertie. We were in the thick of it, getting the boys off, when all of a sudden something hit us and we were on fire. "Jump for it," I yelled, and I only stopped long enough to shut her off. That's how I lost my eyebrows,' he says. 'Then something hit me and that's all I know. When I come to, I'm in the water with the admiral himself hanging on to some wreckage 'olding me up. Then I feel I'm going out again for keeps and I feel all rosy in my head, like a double brandy, and I think this is the end. I'm looking up at the admiral with a Kiss-me-Hardy kind of feeling and he says: "Stick it, my boy."

"'I feel myself smiling, a sort of parting smile. I says: "I'm afraid I'm done, sir. Tell your daughter I'm nuts about her."

"'Then, thank God, I passed out and, thank God, I haven't seen him since. Gertie,' says Cornstalk, 'what the 'ell am I to do now?'

"'First of all,' I says to 'im, 'you've got to get a new pair of eyebrows. You look a fair sight without 'em.'

"Then 'e says: 'To 'ell with them. It don't matter now whether I 'ave them or not, I've lost my boat and I've lost 'er.'"

Gertie paused again and cast a satisfied eye along the polished surface of the bar.

"I can't say as I liked the way 'e put 'is boat before 'er, but just that minute who should I see coming up the ward but the admiral, all brass, braid and bits of ribbon from 'is medals.

"I gets up in a 'urry. 'Gawd 'elp you, Cornstalk,' I says, 'because I can't. 'Ere's the old stiff 'imself.'"

The Nelson Touch

Gertie's bulging bosom heaved with emotion recollected in tranquillity. I prodded her.

"What happened?"

"That's what I don't know. I'm waiting meself and all the boys down there are waiting; the 'ole 'arbour is agog for news. They're spit and polishing every inch of them boats 'cos the old boy's inspecting them to-day and they know he's going to blow 'ell out of them 'cos Cornstalk had the brass to chase 'is daughter. 'E's going to teach 'em a lesson this time; and it's the last we'll see of Cornstalk."

There was a sigh of romantic resignation in her voice. "Even if I do say it, 'e was a lovely boy, but I always did say as a brazen tongue bites it's own 'ead off in time. Lordy, look at the time. They'll be up 'ere, all of 'em, any time now."

Gertie touched her hair, first with one hand and then with the other, then rubbed her hands together as if preparing for action. I looked out of the window again down to the harbour.

"Here come a couple of them," I said.

A moment or two later, in walked Baby-blue-eyes and number two of the trio.

"Ahoy there, Gertie!"

"Any news?" asked Gertie.

Baby-blue-eyes passed a copy of *The Times* across the bar with his finger on a line.

"The hengagement is announced—— Well! What do you think of that! 'E's done it! That boy's got brass enough for anything." Then Gertie looked up. "But is 'e coming back to the M.T.B.s?"

Baby-blue-eyes grinned. "The old boy's recommended him for a decoration ——"

"Well, 'e can't hardly send 'im away after that."

"Hardly," said number two.

"We'll know for certain this afternoon," said Baby-blue-eyes. "If he's amiable, Cornstalk's out. If he gives us hell, Cornstalk's in. A matter of saving face. May he give us hell!"

"Here, here," said number two.

I watched Gertie slip a couple of shandygaffs along the bar.

Now, I thought, now is the time to get a story. I lifted my glass. "To Gertie," I said. "She loves you all."

"To Gertie," they replied. "We all love her."

"I suppose," I began, fixing Baby-blue-eyes, "Cornstalk must have done a good job at Dieppe."

Baby-blue-eyes winked at number two.

"Newspaperman," he said.

"Obviously," said number two.

"Excuse please," said Baby-blue-eyes.

Then they began to discuss the weather and I never did get my story. Sometimes the British just won't co-operate.

END

Launched at Deschimag (*Continued from page 28*)

but he liked them like that, and the officers did not mind so long as there was no trouble. He let his thoughts drift on into the future. It was good to be alive. The second in command stood at his captain's side. He admired Schroeder—admired and feared him. He wondered how long he would have to wait for his own command. Promotions were rapid these days. The Fuehrer believed in giving youth its chance—or was it because so many officers had died for the Reich? He checked himself abruptly. Why was he thinking like this? Perhaps because of the uncertainty of this waiting. But he must not allow it to upset him. He must show Schroeder that he did not care—that he could face any situation. Then, perhaps, he would give a favourable report on him. And, after that, maybe his own U-boat. . . . He, too, allowed his mind to dwell on the future.

Carl Schroeder was not thinking of the future. Through two and a half years of war he had trained himself never to do so. Now he was busy calculating in his mind the probable movements of the enemy destroyer. He reckoned that, if nothing happened for another two minutes, they would be safe. He glanced at his watch and, as he did so, he caught sight of the engraved brass plate on the bulkhead beside the periscope: "From the workers of Deschimag—Heil Hitler!" He frowned as he watched the second hand crawling round the dial. One minute more. . . . It was ridiculous, this superstition. In war only one thing counted and that was the killing of the enemy. That was his creed and his faith—the Nazi faith.

The explosion hit the U-boat like a blow from some gigantic mallet. Carl Schroeder was thrown off his feet and hurled to the deck. He felt the warm blood pouring in a sticky stream from his ears and down his cheeks, as the air contracted. For a second or two he lay there panting for breath and then another booming roar filled his consciousness and he felt himself falling into blackness.

The ship's log book lay across his face open at the first page, at once his shroud and his epitaph: "Launched at Deschimag, March 15, 1942."

END

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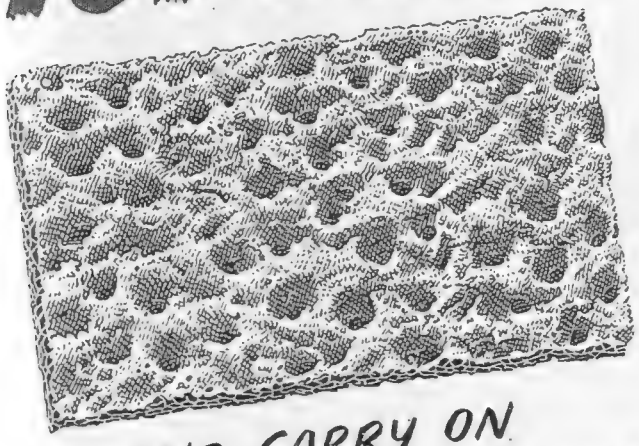

—AND CARRY ON WITH GOOD DIGESTION

Controlled price 10d. per pkt. (as pre-war).

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In pre-war days this meant that frost protection and engine safety were essential.

These days will return once again and with them the necessity for BLUECOL.

Today BLUECOL is unobtainable as the Services require the total output of anti-freeze ingredients.

We know you will understand.

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LOOK FOR THE 'GOR-RAY' LABEL ON THE WAISTBAND

GOODBYE to that old bugbear of the placket skirt . . . an ugly shape-destroying hip bulge. Literally a placket without an opening, the new "Gor-ray" ZWOW Fastening has no buttons or metal fastenings on the hip to stand out, cause gaping, or pull the material. Smart women everywhere welcome this further addition to the high quality of all "Gor-ray" Skirts. Good fashion houses throughout the United Kingdom supply "Gor-ray" Skirts in a variety of designs and materials.

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● METAL MAKES GUNS! Keep your Tattoo holder: buy refills, especially in the 6/6 size.

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NOW TEN SHADES

TATTOO *your lips!*

Take care of your BLANKETS

GOOD pure Woollen blankets are now very hard to get, so take specially good care of those you have.

They will be washed less often, because of the soap ration; a little ammonia in the water will make soap go further. Rinsing is more important than actual washing, so *use two or three lots of clean warm water.* Never wash blankets in hot or boiling water. It is better for the blanket, to use a wringer than to twist by hand.

Then, if possible, *dry it in the wind and sunshine.* There will be no new "MODERNA" Blankets till after the war. We now concentrate, at Govt. request, on standard "Utility" blankets, and look forward to when we can again offer "MODERNA" with its famous 3-way Guarantee.

Thomas RATCLIFFE & Co. Ltd.
MYTHOLMROYD, YORKS.

The Last Hop

(Continued from page 32)

guess what he was trying to say in return.

"Sorry, old man; but it's for the best," he added in a gentler tone.

"Good luck, sir," said the gunner.

A few minutes later two parachutes drifted earthwards somewhere in Kent. The gunners watched Susie hedge-hopping at what looked like "nought feet."

"I don't think he'll make it."

"Damned bad luck on his last trip just as he was coming off ops."

They folded their parachutes and blew on cold fingers.

DIXON, the intelligence wallah, was rolling yet another cigarette and trying to keep awake. He rang for another cup of coffee and went into the ante-room where the snub-nosed freckled R.T.O. was still at the phone.

"No more news?" he asked automatically, although he knew the answer in advance.

"No, sir," she answered wearily. "J for Johnnie and S. for Susie haven't reported."

He went into the mess and sagged into an armchair. "J. for Johnnie" had definitely been written off. One of the other pilots had seen it go down in flames over Berlin. And there wasn't much of a chance for "S. for Susie." The other pilots had been back over an hour and were enjoying their beauty sleep by now. Susie would be written off or crash-landed; Conway would be out of fuel, anyway. The aircraft that had followed him reported that he was caught in the searchlights soon after pranging the target.

Dixon sipped his coffee glumly. Somehow, although it was illogical, he had an odd feeling of guilt. It would have been so much easier about Joyce if Conway had come back. As it was, both would feel pretty badly about things.

It was funny how events had shaped that night. The Stirlings were already well on their way to Germany when the evening post had come in. There was a letter from Joyce.

"I've written Jack by this post," she wrote. "I've asked him to give me my freedom. He won't have much trouble supplying me with the evidence." Poor Joyce; how her pride had been hurt!

But as the night dragged on Dixon's mood of satisfaction had worn off. He had a quick look into Conway's cubby-hole in the mess. Sure enough, there was the envelope in Joyce's neat handwriting. There was also a telephone message. Squadron Leader Conway was to phone Miss Reynolds before noon next morning. Evidently the blonde whom Conway had had to disappoint, thought the intelligence officer grimly.

He felt depressed and wished there were someone to talk to. It was rotten luck on Conway getting rubbed out just when he was due for a nice cushy billet. Why hadn't he come back, given Joyce her divorce, and left everything nice and tidy? But, then, Life was like that; full of loose ends, scraggy, without logic. He went to the window and looked broodingly at the sky which was just getting lighter.

THE second dicky was still unconscious, but the morphia had done him good and he seemed to be breathing more steadily, or so Conway imagined. There was a cold pressure on his stomach as he thought of the navigator slumped dead over his charts. A good kid from Canada whose whole life had been flying.

He gazed drearily at the dark hedges skidding below. Perhaps he ought to try and land; but he shook off the thought. When the others had baled out he had made up his mind to get to the station if the fuel held out. By God, this was his last operation and he was damned if he'd belly-flop in some dark field! The wounded man might freeze to death before anybody got to them.

Then the clouds seem to tear ahead of him and he saw a slit of yellowish light. Dawn! He could have yelled his joy but the second dicky was groaning in his sleep. Poor fellow, he was in pain all right. "Susie" was not getting any more height but at least she wasn't losing any, he noticed. The light was now stretching over the meadows and he thought they looked familiar. Yes, by George, he was now getting into Frensham, only fifty miles from his station. He could try a landing now all right but he wasn't going to! Couldn't leave "Susie" stranded, miles from home. . . .

His head was clearing but he was talking to himself. Eager tumbling words of pain and fatigue and relief. The dear old station slid out of the shadows and "Susie" seemed to be out on her feet. She was coughing and wheezing as the ripped fuselage creaked. The port wing whizzed past the control tower, the flare path rushed up at him, a dark hangar reeled by, and then "Susie" came down with a lurch. Old habits rushed back with the wonderful sense of safety.

"Just a piece of cake," Conway muttered thickly.

TEN minutes later he was in the operations room staring at Dixon through red-rimmed eyes.

"Decent trip?" queried intelligence.

"Yes. Pranged the station from 3,000, but devilish flak."

"Lot of fighters?"

"No, but we got a probable F.W. 190." He rubbed cold hands together and took one of Dixon's cigarettes.

"Bailey and Smith baled out over Kent." He grinned. "I tried to drop 'em near a pub but couldn't be sure in the dark."

"Any argument?"

"Well, the observer got his, poor chap, and my second dicky took a tracer in the shoulder. The ambulance people think he'll be okay. My airscrews gave me some trouble and the inter-comm. didn't behave. I think my starboard wing's written off. Otherwise, just a piece of cake. The landing was a bit ropey, though," he added ruefully.

"Good show. Damned good show," said Dixon, closing his notebook with a snap.

Conway pulled off his sweater. He looked grey and his eyes seemed to be glazed. The normally sleek fair hair stood about his ears in an unruly halo.

"I'll get myself a drink and then sleep for a month," he said with a yawn.

Something twitched in Dixon's brain. "You take it easy for a minute, old boy," he said quickly. "I've got some Scotch in my room. We both need a spot."

Conway sank back into his chair. "Okay, and thanks." He looked surprised.

The intelligence officer went into the mess and took Joyce's letter from her husband's cubby-hole. He slipped it into his pocket and went to his room for the bottle of Scotch.

Conway was dozing when he got back to the ops. room but he sat up when the other poured out the whisky. They gulped down the drink and Dixon poured two more fingers apiece.

"That's better," grinned Conway.

Dixon nodded. Everything was just right now. It all seemed to add up. Conway would be a different man once he came off ops. With any luck he would get an assistant station command, routine work but steadying, safer, more normal. He and Joyce would have a home of their own at last, together. Women were funny; and she'd forgive once things became normal. Watching Conway over the rim of his tumbler he saw him quite differently, as a bloke who had lived on his nerves for three years. Dixon had a hunch that popsies and liquor wouldn't mean nearly as much to Conway once he got clear of the hectic scramble of station life.

He raised his glass. "Here's to the future," he toasted.

"Just a piece of cake," laughed Conway, patting down a yawn.

END

In Czechoslovakia *then* . . .

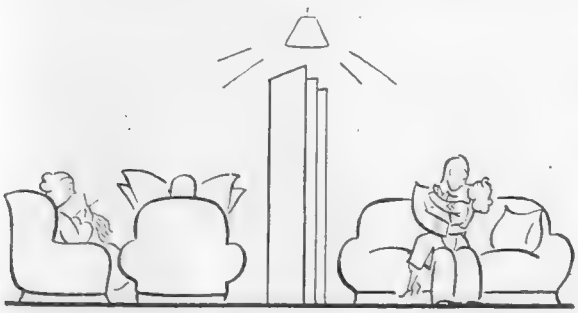
In England *now*

In those happy far-off days when people were still free and food still plentiful in Czechoslovakia, Czech cooking was famed for its Pecena Husa with Knedlik a Zeli (Roast goose with dumplings and cabbage) *and* for the way they had with potatoes. Here is a potato main-dish which was demonstrated recently in London by a team of Czechoslovakian cooks. It is delicious, and it makes good use of our home-grown crop of potatoes which has been described as "the envy of Europe".

SCALLOPED VEGETABLES AU GRATIN

Grease a fire-proof dish, shake over crisp breadcrumbs to coat. Prepare and slice very finely 1½ lb. potatoes, 1 lb. carrots, a few sticks of celery or other vegetables in season, grate 3-4 oz. cheese. Place a layer of sliced potatoes in the dish, fill up with alternate layers of mixed vegetables and potato, seasoning each layer with grated cheese, salt, pepper. Finish with top layer of potatoes. Add a little water. Sprinkle top with grated cheese. Put in moderate oven, cook 30-40 minutes until top is browned. Serve hot. (Moisten with a little milk towards end of cooking if necessary.)

Potatoes
are part of the battle



Army—Air Force co-operation

Don't run two rooms even if Ethel's boy *has* got leave—one fire, one Osram and a little sympathy are quite enough. The young people are the first to understand because they're in the war effort, too.

Go shares in the light of . . . .

Osram

THE WONDERFUL LAMP

A G.E.C. PRODUCT

Advt. of The General Electric Co. Ltd., Magnet House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

"NOW, I'M WARM AS TOAST . ."

How kiddies love Hot OXO on cold raw days—the drink that warms them right through to the finger-tips.

OXO

OF SPECIAL VALUE FOR GROWING CHILDREN

Children's Teeth in War-Time

Even in wartime a child's diet must contain a proportion of sweet things for nourishment and energy. But sweet things cause acid-mouth, which encourages the germs which attack and decay the teeth. To protect the teeth a child's tooth-paste should contain plenty of 'Milk of Magnesia,' the most effective neutraliser of mouth acid known. Only in one tooth-paste is 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid to be found, and that is Phillips' Dental Magnesia, which contains a high percentage.

Children who use this pleasant-tasting tooth-paste have the whitest teeth which are practically free from decay, distressing toothache and disfiguring gaps. Get a tube today.

Sold everywhere 1/1d. and 1/10½.
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RETURN EMPTY TUBES TO THE CHEMIST

PHILLIPS' DENTAL MAGNESIA

★ *'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.*

From your Chemist, 2'3

V216 THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.
A DROP ON YOUR HANDKERCHIEF

Books *(Continued from page 41)*

And while we are dealing with the first half of the last century—and for no other connecting reason—here are two more books about the same period. "Some Lose Their Way" by Eloise Liddon (Harrap, 9s. 6d.) tells the story of a young English actress barnstorming in the wilds in the early days of the settlement of Alabama. The heroine is occasionally rather tiresome, but this is a good picture of the rough life when the Creek Indians were always liable to go on the rampage, and when two good-looking men could reasonably be expected, even if they did come from the best families, to fight a duel for the heart and hand of a pretty girl. An easy style which does not trouble the digestion.

"One More Flame" (Methuen, 8s. 6d.), is not, as the title led one friend of mine to believe, the biography of a flirt. Mary Mitchell tells from 1830 onwards the story of the fight of a young Englishman and his descendants to establish firmly a farm in Australia. It is a story of a grim struggle against floods, fire, drought and finally rabbits, with rather an overdose of lachrymose displays from the female element, but with a good binding theme, even if the farm does end in desolation.

A MUCH happier book about farming is Marjorie Mack's "Hannaboys Farm" (Faber and Faber, 8s. 6d.). This is a light and truthful account of her farm in Surrey from 1919 up to the third year of the war. All the staff, and most of the stock, are introduced to the reader in a series of simple and artistic cameos which are very revealing and thoroughly enjoyable. Life was never easy on the farm and with the Battle of Britain raging overhead and customers for the T.T. Milk (Cert.) scattered by evacuation one farmer at least was not making a fortune This is easy and entertaining reading. In one point of minor import only do I raise issue. Was it not P. G. Wodehouse who first wrote "She was a good cook as cooks go, and as cooks go, she went," and not Saki as Marjorie Mack claims? Or am I wrong?

AGAIN it is the way the story is told that makes "Kitty Villiers" by Lewis Gibbs (Dent, 8s. 6d.). This is a tale of a woman's memories of fifty years, starting with a runaway marriage, a Venice honeymoon and life with an artist in Paris and then switching to Russia before the revolution. The revolution sweeps away home and family and Kitty Villiers, a middle-aged woman, has a ghastly struggle over 3,000 miles of Siberia to eventual peace in America. And so back to London in 1939. It sounds a simple story, but there is art in the telling of it.

Barbara McCorquodale tells in "Sleeping Swords" (Robert Hale) of life on a big country estate pre-1914, of the pantry boy, David Garfield, who became in turn valet to the son and heir and his batman in France. He takes a commission and after the war suffers with the unemployed as he strives for the new England and the home for heroes that had been promised. The later scenes, when he stands for Parliament and becomes an editor, are far more compelling, and his love affair with Jenny, his Socialist opponent, are well done. The naïveté which marks some of the writing is lost, a naïveté surprising in such an experienced writer. But this book makes good reading despite its patchiness.

AND now for three books of non-fiction which I can deal with rather more briefly. "Palmyra of the North" by Christopher Marsden (Faber and Faber, 16s.) deals with the foundation of St. Petersburg in the middle of the eighteenth century, its architecture, art, theatre, and the habits, food, costumes and methods of life of the courts of Peter the Great, Elizabeth and Catherine, over a period of sixty years. Too detailed at times for the casual reader this is nevertheless never dull and is well illustrated. In passing, how is this for a supper at Godalming, for Peter the Great and twelve companions? Forty-two pounds of beef, a sheep, three-quarters of a lamb, a shoulder and loin of veal, eight pullets and eight rabbits washed down by two and a half dozen bottles of sack, twelve of burgundy, as well as beer and six quarts of mulled sack; followed by breakfast of half a sheep, nineteen pounds of lamb, seven dozen eggs, ten pullets, twelve chickens, and three quarts of brandy?

To all who want to understand India I recommend "Indian Pageant" by F. Yeats-Brown (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 8s. 6d.). It is a perfect potted history of the country by one who knows it well, easy to read and quite fascinating. I should like to see it selling well in America, with its excellent chapter "Looking Forward."

Finally and not least there is Negley Farson's "Going Fishing" (Country Life, 10s. 6d.), a travel book with rod and line in two continents, admirable in that it appealed to me who am completely ignorant of the art of fishing. This is a trout-flavoured piscatorial meal, with some very pleasant illustrations, covering plenty of little known places and people.

END

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply, owing to war conditions, are advertised in this journal should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

AN APPEAL FOR THE SERVICES LIBRARIES AND BOOKS FUND

AT the beginning of the war, to satisfy the urgent need of the three Service Departments, a special fund was set up to supply books and reading matter to the Fighting Forces. The Services Libraries and Books Fund has, since its inception, distributed nearly 14,000,000 books and magazines to the troops in all parts of the world.

It is not hard to realise that books and magazines have a comparatively short life under the conditions and hazards of active service. This fact, together with the ever-growing Armies and the acute shortage of new books being published, make it imperative for the community at large, to give constant support and consideration to this crying need.

Perhaps you failed to hear the Prime Minister's recent broadcast appeal on this subject of books. We print it now as a spur to your further effort.

"For the men and women of the Forces at home and abroad I make an appeal to which every family in the Kingdom can respond. I do not ask for money, I ask only for books, magazines and periodicals.

"If you had seen, as I have seen on my many visits to the Forces, and particularly in the Middle East, the need for something to read during the long hours off duty and the pleasure and relief when that need is met, you would gladly look, and look again, through your bookshelves and give what you can. If you hesitate to part with a book which has become an old friend, you can be sure that it will be a new friend to men on active service.

"The procedure is quite simple. Almost any post office will take your books and magazines if handed in unwrapped, unstamped, and unaddressed. They will then be distributed to all the services where most required Malta, the Middle East, Iceland, and a dozen other places abroad will welcome your gifts, and there are lonely stations at home to be supplied.

"Will you contribute from your shelves, and remember when you buy a book or a magazine that there are many waiting to read it after you?

"(Signed) WINSTON S. CHURCHILL."

SAVE FUEL

Keep warm inside with

Unexcelled since 1706 for Quality

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MOCK TURTLE VEGETABLE KIDNEY MULLIGATAWNY · CONSOMME

Wisdom for War Time

TO save fuel (road and rail), tyres, and man-power, the distribution of biscuits has been re-organised and delivery restricted to areas within reasonable distance of our factories. This means that certain districts are outside our boundaries, and for the time being our Quality Biscuits cannot be purchased in these areas. It is a war time order to which, we feel sure, all will readily submit.

Remember

McVITIE & PRICE BISCUITS

McVITIE & PRICE LTD • EDINBURGH • LONDON • MANCHESTER

peace in their time

See that your children have every chance to make the most of life. Help them to grow up fit and strong. Keen wits develop rapidly in healthy bodies. And physical stamina is the product of good nutrition.

A good start for every child is the aim of the Ministry of Health. Hence their special distribution of cod liver oil for infants.

Make certain your youngsters have their share of this important diet-supplement. And carry on with SevenSeaS throughout schooldays and adolescence. SevenSeaS is pleasant-tasting, digestible, pure. Its rich vitamin-fats store up strength-reserves against illness, look after bones, teeth and eyesight. SevenSeaS is the richest, most dependable natural source of the growth-vitamins, A and D. A small measure every day is a wonderful health insurance. Remember, your children's well-being is your responsibility; if you fail them now they can never regain lost ground. Don't take risks. Be sure they take SevenSeaS.

Chemists sell SevenSeaS in 3 forms. Standard Oil 1/6, 2/6 and 4/6. Concentrated Oil 1/9. Concentrated Oil in Capsules from 1/9.

Mix the children's Horlicks with water only — the milk is already in it

Mothers who keep Horlicks for their children, because of its energy-giving and body-building value, find it a comfort to know that this delicious drink makes no demands on the milk supply. The correct way to make Horlicks is, and always has been, to mix it with *water only*. The milk is already in it. Mixed with water only, Horlicks is a complete food-drink for children.

We ask you to be patient when you cannot get Horlicks. Supplies are being distributed as evenly as possible and should be available equally for children, invalids, and those who drink Horlicks at bedtime.

We are steelmakers and produce the steels from which these and other goods are fabricated. We ourselves do not manufacture the finished articles. Owing to the large demand, we are at present greatly restricted as regards the purposes for which this steel can be supplied.

Waistcoat and Gloves in Bias Knitting

(*Continued from page* 40)

there are 134 sts. Work without inc. for 3 ins. along side seams. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 74 sts. Work straight until armhole measures 10 ins. round curve. Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of every row 8 times, leaving 34 sts. Cast off.

THE LEFT FRONT

Cast on 64 sts. with No. 12 needles. Work the following pattern :—

1st row.—* K. 2, p. 2 ; rep. from * until there are 10 sts. left, (p. 1, k. 1) to end. **2nd row.**—(P. 1, k. 1) for 10 sts., and continue to keep these outside 10 sts. in rib all up work, then p. the k. sts. and k. the p. sts. of previous row as in st.st. **3rd row.**—As 1st. **4th row.**—As 2nd. **5th row.**—K. 1, * p. 2, k. 2 ; rep. from * to end, ending with k. 1, then the 10 rib sts. **6th row.**—As 2nd. **7th row.**—As 5th. **8th row.**—As 2nd. **9th row.**—* P. 2, k. 2 ; rep. from * to the last 10 sts. and rib them. **10th row.**—As 2nd. **11th row.**—As 9th. **12th row.**—As 2nd. **13th row.**—P. 1, * k. 2, p. 2 ; rep. from * to end, p. 1, then rib last 10 as usual. **14th row.**—As 2nd. **15th row.**—As 13th. **16th row.**—As 2nd. Rep. from 1st row again and after 6 ins. have been worked, change to No. 10 needles and work an inch. Continue to keep diagonal patt., m. 1 st. at opposite edge to rib on every 4th row until there are 76 sts.

Work without inc. until side seam measures 13 ins. K. 2 tog. on shaped edge on every row until there are 18 decs. and 58 sts. Work straight for 1 in. Now k. 2 tog. on 2 sts. inside rib border on every other row until there are 30 sts. Work a few rows straight to make armhole 10 ins. round curve. Cast off 5 sts. at outside edge on every other row until there are 10 sts. left. Work rib for 2 ins. Cast off.

THE RIGHT FRONT

Work exactly as left so that stripes will lean in opposite direction when sewn up, and work buttonholes as follows : After 3 rows have been worked rib 2 sts. Cast off 3, rib 5, work in patt. to end. **Next row.**—Work up to casting off, turn, cast on 3, turn and work to end. Work a buttonhole every 1½ ins. up to where the dec. at neck border starts.

ARMHOLE STRIPS (two alike)

Cast on 10 sts. with No. 10 needles. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 19 ins. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew strips to neck back and armholes. Sew on buttons.

THE GLOVES

LEFT PALM

Cast on 24 sts. with No. 13 needles. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 2 ins. Change to st.st. starting k. and shape thumb as follows : K., ending k. twice into last st. **Next row.**—P. **Next row.**—K. **3rd row.**—P. 1, p. twice into next st., p. to end. **4th row.**—K. **5th row.**—P. **6th row.**—K., ending k. twice into last but 2 sts. **7th row.**—P. **8th row.**—K. **9th row.**—P. 3, p. twice into next st. Continue in this manner, inc. 1 st. every 3rd row by knitting twice into a st. further from edge every time, until there are 10 incs. and 34 sts. Now work on 10 thumb sts. only for 2 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 4 sts. Cast off. Return to the 24 sts. and work 1½ ins. Now, on a k. row, k. 5, k. twice into next st., k. 5, k. twice into next st., k. 6, k. twice into next st., k. 5. **2nd increase row.**—P. 6, p. twice into next st., p. 7, p. twice into next st., p. 6, p. twice into next st., p. 5. **3rd increase row.**—K. 6, k. twice into next st., k. 7, k. twice into next st., k. 8, k. twice into next st., k. 6. **4th row.**—P. 7, p. twice into next st., p. 9, p. twice into next st., p. 8, p. twice into next st., p. 6 (36 sts.). Now with right side of work facing work st.st. on first 8 sts. for 2 ins. Finish as thumb. Work next finger on 9 sts. for 2¼ ins. Work middle finger on 10 sts. for 2½ ins. Work next finger on 9 sts. for 2¼ ins. Work right palm the same, but read k. for p., and p. for k. and have wrong side facing for fingers.

RIGHT BACK

Cast on 30 sts. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 2 ins. Now work as follows, and at same time making incs. for thumb exactly as left palm and keep these extra sts. in st.st. (mark the first extra st. with wool to keep the place).

1st row.—K. 2, p. 2 rib. **2nd row** (and all alternate rows).—K. the p. sts. and p. the k. sts. as in st.st. **3rd row.**—As 1st. **5th row.**—K. 1, * (p. 2, k. 2) ; rep. from * for 12 sts. ending k. 2, then p. 4, * k. 2, p. 2 ; rep. from * to end, ending k. 1. (There are 4 p. sts. tog. at centre and the ribs are pushed outwards each side of them). **7th row.**—As 5th. **9th row.**—* P. 2, k. 2 ; rep. from * to end. **11th row.**—As 9th. **13th row.**—P. 1, * (k. 2, p. 2) ; rep. from * until centre 4 sts. are reached, then k. 4 (p. 2, k. 2) to end of row, ending p. 1. **15th row.**—As 13th. **16th row.**—As 2nd. Rep. these 16 rows until there are 10 incs. for thumb and 40 sts. (5 more than palms). Work thumb in st.st. on 10 sts. Work 1¼ ins. in patt. on the 30 sts. Now work in st.st. and inc. for fingers as follows : On a p. row, p. 6, p. twice into next st., p. 6, p. twice into next st., p. 8, p. twice into next st., p. 7. **2nd increase row.**—K. 8, k. twice into next st., k. 9, k. twice into next st., k. 7, k. twice into next st., k. 6. **3rd increase row.**—P. 7, p. twice into next st., p. 8, p. twice into next st., p. 10, p. twice into next st., p. 8. **4th increase row.**—K. 9, k. twice into next st., k. 11, k. twice into next st., k. 9, k. twice into next st., k. 7 (42 sts.).

Work fingers as left palm, having 9 sts. on first finger instead of 8 (little finger). Have 10 sts. on next finger instead of 9. Have 12 sts. on middle finger instead of 10. Have 11 sts. on last finger instead of 9.

LEFT BACK

Work to correspond to right back (read k. for p., and p. for k.) and have wrong side facing when starting fingers.

LARGER SIZES

An ounce more wool is needed.

THIRTY-SIX-INCH BUST

Use No. 10 needles throughout. Work as 34-in. size.

FRONTS

Cast on 68 sts. instead of 64 and keep 14 sts. in rib at border instead of 10.

THIRTY-EIGHT-INCH BUST

Use No. 9 needles throughout and work as 36-in. size.

GLOVES

Can be worked on No. 12 needles instead of No. 13.

On Duty—and Off

(*Continued from page* 33)

the bath, wash your face thoroughly with soap and water, rinse well, dry carefully, and spread on a thin layer of massage cream, cleansing cream, or what have you. When you have finished your bath and are wrapped in your dressing-gown, go back to your dressing-table and massage your face in front of the mirror.

Here is a practical massage routine :

(1) Place your first or second finger of each hand over the danger area for crowsfeet, that is, the outside corners of your eyes, and massage very lightly in circular movements down under your eyes towards the bridge of your nose and out over your eyebrows. Do this for a minute or so.

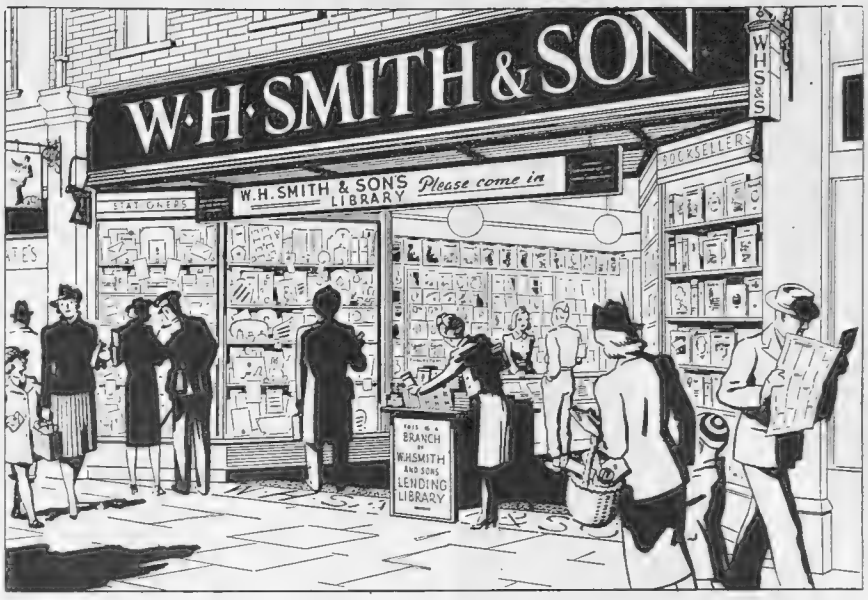
(2) Start at the bridge of the nose with your first and second fingers and massage your forehead with firm strokes upwards and outwards towards the hair line.

(3) Place the first and second fingers at each side of the nose and massage out across the cheek towards the ears.

(4) With the middle finger of each hand mould around the mouth, commencing at the centre just below the lower lip and working round to the centre above the upper lip : definitely lift as you mould round the corners of the mouth.

(5) Place both thumbs below your chin, and the fingers above the chin, and work out round the jawbone to the lobes of the ears.

When you have finished the massage wipe off the last traces of cream and rinse your face with cool water, drying thoroughly.



The other day one of our branch managers, in the course of a report to Head Office, said : "The assistants at this branch are all girls—some very young, three with husbands in the Forces, and two with families. They are carrying responsibility with cheerfulness and resource, and their loyalty is beyond question. They are keeping open the jobs for the W.H.S. men and women in uniform [more than 3,000] and they are maintaining our customers' goodwill."

We believe from what customers tell us that the staff of our 1,500 shops and station bookstalls are in a good many cases more than maintaining goodwill, they are increasing it ; and for that we say to them, and especially to those who have come back from well-earned retirement : thank you, and may 1943 be the dawn of happier times.

At some branches things are far from what we should like them to be, and we appreciate our customers' friendly understanding of the difficulties of wartime trading. In many districts, for example, we cannot obtain staff for newspaper deliveries, and the branch manager—often the manageress—works long hours, and trying hours, for no one *likes* to have to disappoint customers or refuse them the things they want to buy. But, in the main, W.H.S. men and women (and boys and girls) everywhere are doing their best to supply the public with all their reading and writing requirements—newspapers and magazines, newspaper advertisements, books to buy or borrow, stationery and printing, and bookbinding. And a wartime "extra"

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Desert

(*Continued from page 12*)

will know it, and knows it to-day. Why should we have to do things in your way, because you get soft?"

Suddenly a third voice broke out of the darkness. "Ah, Mr. Mackenzie," it said. "Ah, Mr. Mackenzie. Very lonely to-night. Strange meeting lonely man on desert. Ah, with Mr. Mackenzie is German. More strange. May I come in?"

This was rather too much for either of the men. The tension of the day to camouflage itself in a discussion between a sergeant and his prisoner—but an Arab voice out of the darkness calling for Mr. Mackenzie was too much for both. They roared with laughter, and the Arab, bearded, dressed in the usual dirty burnous, came in, squatted and laughed with them. And they laughed, as only three men can laugh, for a long time, and the sergeant gave the Arab a cigarette, but refrained from offering him liquor. The Arab seemed to notice the compliment.

"You speak English?" asked the sergeant.

"Well, you heard me speak a little English, Mr. Mackenzie," said the Arab. "And you, Fritz?"

The German laughed. "It happens to be Konrad;" he said, "but Fritz will do."

"Mine happens to be Steve," said the sergeant, "but Mr. Mackenzie goes for us, but what the hell are you doing here, anyway?"

"El Eisa isn't the place for anybody at the moment. How did you get here, and what are you doing?"

The Arab smiled. "I like the place," he said. "It's got a lot of memories for everybody."

A star shell went up and illumined the coastal side of the El Eisa ridge at that moment, and where ridge met desert sky there seemed to be a line of phosphorescent light, and then the straggling shades of the illumination were again at one with the darkness.

"Oh, Mr. Mackenzie," said the Arab, "and you, Fritz, you don't want guide-book stuff. I only wish I had some coffee for each of you, but I cannot make it any more and there is no place here to get it."

"Where are you from?" asked the German.

"Around the place, Fritz," said the Arab. "I wander along. Along the same road that the Romans came in, but they never reached Alexandria, did they?

"By cripes, they did not," said the sergeant. "Napoleon never attempted what Rommel's trying to do."

"Rommel won't get there," said the Arab.

The German snapped back: "He'll get there. He'll get there because nowadays the capacity for getting places belongs to those who determine to get there. Defence is not part of this war or this life."

"Let us argue that," said the Arab. "What do you defend? Come on, then, what do you defend? You, Mr. Mackenzie?"

The sergeant shifted his leg uncomfortably. "Me? I dunno," he said. "I suppose I defend what I think is O.K., just as the union defends the standard of living in my country."

The Arab quizzed. "Nothing else, Mr. Mackenzie?"

"Give me a cigarette," said the German. The sergeant passed one to him. And the red glow punctuated thoughts.

"I dunno," said the sergeant. "When I was a kid my dad lammed me for dodging Sunday school, all that kind of boloney, and yet I always remember my mother's face because she believed in a lot of things that I suppose I believed in, but I couldn't express them. I get it, Abdul—I suppose that name's good as any other."

The Arab smiled. "Of course it is, Mr. Mackenzie."

"Well, I suppose we're all out defending something. Let's call it faith in human nature, put it that way, eh?"

The German laughed. "I told you you were fool, you know, Aussie. You don't defend human nature. You've got to attack human nature, to order it; you've got to get a new order into human nature."

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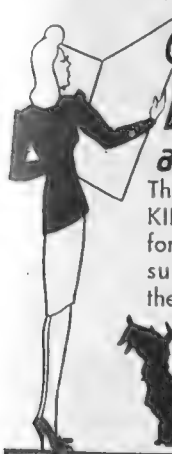

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THE GRIPS THAT NEVER SLIP OR LOSE THEIR SPRING

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"Just a minute, Fritz," said the Arab. "Mr. Mackenzie hasn't finished."

"O.K.," said the German, "let him go on."

The sergeant squirmed a bit. "Oh, it's too deep for me, but I remember a lot of things, a lot of blokes who died for a lot of things they reckoned were right. And I always remember—I got this thought in the Leger at the races at Brisbane after a cobber of mine had died—so many millions of people since the world began have died convinced that what they held as faith was right, that it's a bit of a cheek for a couple of us, or ten thousand of us to reckon that we're right and they're wrong."

"Very good, Mr. Mackenzie," said the Arab. "You will find that in a great many places. I could quote you the Koran. I could take you right over on the Indian borders, where they've got praying wheels and they talk about the jewel in the heart of the Lotus—because there again, Mr. Mackenzie, is something of a symbol. But a worthless symbol makes the whole world hopeless—with respect, my Fritz, like your Swastika."

The German was angry. "I am a prisoner. Before you came along, and where you came from God only knows, the Australian and I were talking like two men. Now you're talking pap. Since you have got on the subject of faith, I believe in the Swastika, the Hakenkreutz. It isn't just some crazy symbol. It's got everything in it—the lightning, the strength, the harshness which men have to have. All this bunk about the milk of human kindness and Sermons on the Mount should have died years ago."

"If that's your view, Fritz," said the Arab, "go on."

"There's nothing in kindness," said the German. "They ask us why we are not kind to Jews, and Catholics for that matter, and Poles." He spat.

"You feel these things, don't you, Fritz?" asked the Arab.

"It isn't a question of feeling," said the German. "It's a question of fact. Germany is going to be the ruler of what you know as the world, anyway. All she has done is fact. She doesn't plan about what she's going to do after the war."

"Or after living, Fritz," murmured the Arab. "But go on."

"She tabulates her actions and her achievements on pages of fact. The Swastika doesn't try to heal. It orders. It makes men as they should be, as they were thousands of years ago."

"And there was Pharaoh in Egypt," said the Arab. "And there was Nebuchadnezzar and Babylon. By the way, have you ever seen the Arch of Ctesiphon. It's a good monument to vanities of that time."

The German continued: "You can't give me any of that old stuff, Arab. I've been to Bagdad. I've heard you fellows talking and praying in your mosques, and all your ritual bunk. We don't try to heal the mind with the kind of stuff that you do. That kind of healing the mind doesn't heal the body, and the body is more important for strength in these times. And on this tunic"—he touched his Swastika-crested eagle—"is an emblem which is going to make all those ruins look more futile than ever they have in all the centuries."

The sergeant scratched his head. "You know," he said, "you Germans think so much of the body. Look at your arm. Look at my leg. The body? Have a look round in the morning and see a lot of those fine youngsters, yours and ours, bits of stinking pulp! The body can only assemble sufficient bodies to fight a war. But only a mind and only some faith in some things can ever bring the future. Anyway, it's too bloody deep for me. Where are we exactly, do you know, boss?"

"Mr. Mackenzie," said the Arab, "you are exactly a mile from Tel el Eisa, the Hill of Jesus they call it in these parts. They have lots of funny faiths here, you know; they probably came out of Egypt, they seeped down from Palestine."

"That's a pretty country," said the Australian. "By cripes, those oranges at Tiberius were damned marvellous."

"I'd like some . . (*Continued on page* 64)

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Eat as a Sweet

now," said the German mouthing hungrily.

"And I," said the Australian.

"And I," said the Arab. "I would like to make you gentlemen a nice big wooden dish of Pilaff, fresh goat and rice."

"Hey, wait a minute," said the sergeant. "What are you trying to do? Make a bloke sad?"

The Arab rose. "I don't think so. I don't think I would want to make anybody sad. When you have known a sadness you don't pass it on to others. Unless you are an evil man, such as the Leader of your Germany, my Fritz. Had he not known sadness there might have been some excuse for him."

The German looked at the Arab. "You have got me at a disadvantage you know, Arab," he said. "This arm is pretty bad, and so is this Australian's leg, and after all is this the time or the place to go into those long almost theological discussions?"

The Arab smiled again. "Life," he said, "is a process of learning through suffering. You don't learn through joy. That's why your slogan, Fritz, 'Strength through Joy,' is so wrong. In joy there is often too much neglect and wasted effort."

He bent down and patted the German on his wounded arm. "Good luck to you." He tapped the Australian on his wounded leg. "And to you, Mr. Mackenzie. It will be a long time before you Australians are forgotten in this old corner of the globe."

And he was gone then, and the sergeant swears he could hear his footsteps, although you can't hear footsteps on sand. And there by the ridge of the Hill of Jesus the first light of the desert moon touched the escarpment with a silver streak, and there was rushing of air.

"Jesus!" said the Australian, and jumped to his feet. Where there had been bullet holes in his knee was clean, firm skin. And the German's shattered arm was whole again under its blood-soaked sleeve of the Afrika Korps.

And as the Australian bent his head in the first devotion he had ever really known, the German officer ripped from his tunic the Swastika and stamped it into the sand. Then he lay for a long time, flat on his face in the sand, his arms outstretched. Somewhere a machine gun spluttered.

END

Little Warriors of the Atlantic

(*Continued from page* 16)

students, lingerie sellers, insurance employees, or what have you? The sea has trained them in her bitter service, and first-class material they make.

Corvettes, then, are quickly built and easily manned. But the designers, probably with an idea of toughening their crews to the right consistency for successful war, left out one principal feature in the little warrior's make-up—rolling chocks. I have rolled through many giddy arcs on the seas of the world, but all such rollings, even in a dismasted hulk off wintry Cape Horn, was cradle-work compared with the normal—I said normal—daily of an Atlantic corvette. Roll! I expect them, every time they swing their masts, to roll right over and up the other way. "Roll and go!" was the motto of the old windjammers. Corvettes certainly roll, however they may go. But a corvette's main end in life is to be where torpedoes are likely to be most plentiful.

THEY go to seek danger, not to dodge it. Every corvette commander, together with his joyous, zealous crew, firmly believes that his own ship's life is a trifling thing as compared to the deep-laden freighter in his care. Fitted with Asdics and all the other scientific contraptions devised by a death-dealing era, the little warrior ships can detect the imminence of U-boats with uncanny celerity, and once their presence is made evident the corvettes flock to the vicious attack—which *is* vicious. Relentless as Nemesis itself they are.

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THE PHYSICIANS' REMEDY

Recently I sailed in one; a Canadian corvette she was, but in company were a Polish, a Fighting French, and more than one British ship of similar type. Our task it was to shepherd a large number of ships across the stormy Atlantic and escort others back, and every returning ship carried matters vital to Britain's, or Russia's, continued existence and the continuance of the war. There were destroyers, it is true, to deal with any other, heavier threat—if that be possible—than U-boats, but my own observations concentrated on the miniature ships: glorified launches, they might almost be called.

A U-boat alert was received. "Action stations!" snapped the R.N.R. lieutenant in command. He had been chief officer of a mailboat before settling ashore to manage an industrial undertaking, but the wartime sea dragged him gleefully into his old, well-loved service. It was his wife, anyhow, who made him settle ashore, she having no liking for the eleven-months-a-year widowhood of the sailor's wife.

"And was I glad!" he chuckled. "War made a grand excuse."

Instantly that tridling ship boiled with human activity. She had been ambling in a carefree way—and rolling heavily—on the convoy's flank; seesawing out seawards of the armada, zigzagging back in a snake-like way, as if merely out for an Atlantic stroll. Now she pointed her lean nose at a spot on the ocean where the suspicions pointed, and she whacked up to her top speed, as the engineer below "kicked off the link," that is, opened out to a full throttle.

Chief interest centred in the depth-charge throppers aft. Men clustered there, assuring themselves that no hitch would occur when the moment for action came; the crew of the 4-inch gun closed up; the sightsetter like a terrier in his eagerness to receive and set the range.

From the chattering, reeling bridge, with great swathes of hard-flung spray rattling everywhere, it was possible to see four other similar ships closing in from various points of the compass, rolling, pitching, wallowing, but ploughing forward with infinite determination. Every pair of eyes were keenly on the look out for suspicious evidences.

THE senior officer of the flotilla took efficient charge of operations, conveying his designs by flashlight. It was organised with the sweet precision of a Coronation Review, with the best part of a full gale yelping in the skeleton rigging, and the little hulls twisting and swinging like balls on a piece of elastic.

Number One gaily ran in with a tail flirt that was the acme of sauciness. I saw the dark cylinders drop. "Look out for the jolt —look out!" warned the captain. Up rose a towering waterspout as it tottered to breaking and crashed back to mother sea, the whole surface grew veined, angry and creamed with lacy foan.

"Stand by aft!" ordered the captain. I raced to the stern to oversee the potential death's descent. It was all done as coolly as if a mere practice were afoot. The depth-charges rolled along the miniature railway at a crisp signal—the ship now speeding with the fussy importance of a racing Cunarder—one charge was let go and detonated. Then the little ship got a kick that seemed likely to stave in her paper-thin plating. She literally rocketed ahead, she leaped high like a startled fawn, settled back with a squelching thoroughness that threw water to the top of her reeling funnel.

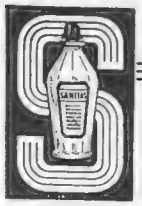
Another thump, another dropping cylinder. Kick after kick until the entire ocean seemed lacerated with broken foam.

Someone was shouting for'ard. I stumbled back to the navigating bridge. The gun's crew were crouched there eagerly, watching . . . watching. Something might break surface at any minute, and gunnery from a rolling platform being anything but an exact science, no opportunity of hitting whatever came up must be missed.

"Hi, pilot—what course back to convoy?" asked the captain.

We put on another turn of speed to regain our station, having safeguarded our charges for another few miles of the long, long route.

END



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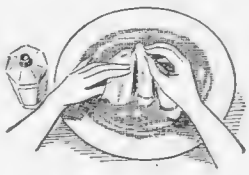

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BOB MARTIN'S KEEP DOGS FIT

Anglomania

(*Continued from page 13*)

of their own country. This war has given an impetus on both sides of the Atlantic for the common man to analyse such phrases as "freedom of speech," "democracy," and "freedom of opportunity." Dealing with the last, it is needless to ask how the average American still believes in this "freedom of opportunity"—yet a recent commission of notable American economists, public men, etc., more on the Conservative side than on the Left, not long ago published its opinion that "the freedom of individual enterprise is fast disappearing in the United States," and that "if agricultural conditions continue with their present economic trend . . . the individual American farmer will, before long, be reduced to the status of a European peasant." That report did not cause a stir. Even this commission, the names of whose members were household words in America, could not explain the United States to the United States.

So how is any Englishman going to do it?

WE can take it that they can't. And if that limitation was kept foremost in the mind of every ambassador or committee or public-sent individual crossing from either side of the Atlantic to the other, we would get somewhere—step by step. Actually, what certain quarters in Washington are discussing with certain quarters in London, concerning the conduct of the war, and even of post-war co-operation, are so far removed, or *above*, what the American press or periodicals are printing about these connections that the utterings of the latter, professing to represent the voice of the people of America, are sometimes laughable.

You have had too many examples of this during the last months for me to dig them up. Frankly, I would bury them like dead bones. They may cause a momentary wave of animosity on one side of the Atlantic or the other, or both, by the people who read them. But they have no effect whatever on the forces which are functioning in the general situation. To say, as one American columnist did, that when this war is over "our American boys will pick up their marbles and come home . . . more isolationist than ever" is, very likely, only stating a truth. But they can't all be dumb-bells. *Some* of our American troops, among the many thousands who will have spent months, very likely years, in England will come home with *some* idea of the good possibilities of a sound Anglo-American working agreement. And these soldiers may, in the long run, be some of your best ambassadors.

I DON'T think that lecturers, either Government sponsored or the professional private "amateurs"—such as distinguished authors—ever do much good in this connection. In the first place, their knowledge is too particularised; as I have just pointed out, they have not the capability to explain most of the more vital things. More often than not they are completely unaware of the realities of life in their own country. As such, they are little better than publicity "stunt merchants." For years your successful authors used to be invited to come to the United States, and made tidy fortunes telling us Americans what saps we were. We loved it; nothing so refreshing as hearing plain talk—or being talked about—so we always invited the author to come back next year and tell us some more. This became such a recognised racket that English writers began to count on the returns from these American lectures as the chief financial reward of a successful novel. And their precept was: "The Americans like you to be rough with them." Well . . . that little slogan came to be recognised, only one great English writer—so fond of telling the people what was wrong with his own country—hadn't caught up with this changing American attitude, yet. So, when the newspaper reporters came out on the tug which greets every great ocean liner as she arrives in New York harbour (with her cargo of European notables aboard) this best-seller in England had his speech all pat and ready. In the vernacular, what he said to these Americans about themselves was equivalent to "slapping them in the face with a dead fish."

And didn't he rue it! By the time his lecture manager had got him comfortably ensconced in his palatial hotel, ready to shoot at more eager newspapermen, the presses down in Newspaper Row were roaring around, leaving on every front page one loud horse laugh. Not only that, but Fannie Hurst, the American equivalent to her English brother among great writers, wrote him an open letter in the press, which, in our plain way of putting it, "took him for a long, long walk."

He managed to survive. What he really stood for, the rotten share-out of the necessities of life that he wrote against with such a human pen in his justly great novels, came out the minute his bulky, common-sense figure appeared on the platform. But his false move off New York nearly wrecked him, just as easily as a compass deflection could have wrecked his great ship.

I believe that, on the surface, Anglo-American relations is a subject loaded with dynamite. I believe that that *Life* outfit, who wrote the open letter to England, saying that if you were going to fight to retain Empire, you were "going to lose the war because you are going to lose us," had just about as much political responsibility, or common sense, as a bunch of English schoolboys playing with a bomb they had found in a field. You remember, perhaps, the tragedy of the three little chaps who tried to bounce a bomb up and down? Well, that's a pretty good parallel to some of our newspaper editorials. And yours, too.

THE points are: (*a*) Realising that nobody can set himself up as the spokesman to represent the voice of his country; (*b*) realising the limitations placed upon everyone's knowledge, how he must particularise as to subjects; and (*c*) realising, or at least believing, that a certain amount of explanation on certain subjects *could* help to make it plain that certain present misunderstandings are based more on *lack of real information* than any real divergence of opinion; then (*d*) select some of these subjects—and get to work on them.

First among these I would place the British Colonial Empire. India, which seems to be a very tender spot, with certain sections of American opinion, has certainly not suffered from lack of publicity.

But how many people in the rest of the world do you think have any clear idea of the *sense of mission* which the British Colonial Office rightly feels that England still has in Africa? For that matter, how many of the ordinary public in this country know about it, or care? Damn few.

And, as I believe that all of these things can best be explained by *not* explaining them to the outside world, but by explaining them here—making the British public conscious of their virtues, faults, and the work actually being done—because I believe that if this were done the simple process of osmosis would begin to function, so that these things would also become the property of the public mind in the United States—it is because of this that I say an openly admitted Government programme to inform the English of the work, and the responsibilities, and the value of British work in the African dependencies should be begun forthwith.

Africa will be in the post-war shape of things to come, so far as the British are concerned, almost on a level with India. In fact, what you intend to do about Africa will be one of your major post-war problems—and the proper programme should now begin to be one of your major war aims. You can't (not that you have the slightest intention of doing so) just hand the present half-way Africa back to the Africans.

Very well, then; to enlist the interest of the United States in the British position—*and responsibilities*—in Africa would be a major step in cementing sound Anglo-American relations.

END

Winter's "Rip Van Winkle"

(*Continued from page 42*)

beautifully woven nest, I could hear a faint wheezing sound coming from within. Very gently I parted the materials; and therein was the dormouse curled into a ball, with his tail over his nose, soundly asleep.

There was no warmth in his body, and it was hardly possible to discern that he breathed, only the faint wheezing told me that he was alive. So profound was his slumber that he never as much as winked an eyelid. In fact, next day I called again, removed the mouse in his nest, photographed him and then replaced him, still soundly asleep. And thus he will remain—a seemingly lifeless ball of yellowish buff fur until the warmer weather of spring restores him to activity.

END

Heaven's Artillery

(*Continued from page 15*)

the roof and another opposite leading to the ground. A chair standing between a fireplace and a radiator would be in a hazardous position if lightning struck down the chimney.

Lightning is more dangerous in mountainous regions, at least on the higher points, than in level country. The lower the thundercloud the greater the danger. Winter lightning is likely to be more dangerous than summer lightning, and a storm in the middle latitudes is generally more dangerous than one of equal severity in the tropics—some Hollywood scenes of tropical storms notwithstanding.

Finally, if you should find yourself trapped in a bad storm in the open, here is the advice of an expert—Dr. Humphreys: "It is best of all to be in a cave, or under an overhanging cliff, and far better to be in a valley than on the ridge of a hill, and it is always dangerous to take shelter under an isolated tree. . . . If one has to be outdoors, and exposed to a violent thunderstorm, it is advisable, so far as danger is concerned, to get soaking wet, because wet clothes are much better conductors, and dry ones poorer, than the human body. In extreme cases it might even be advisable to lie flat on the wet ground."

END

"Go To The Woods and Hills"

(*Continued from page 20*)

the berries one by one, claiming a kiss for each. Is our habit of hanging it so far out of reach done for the reason of morality, or to give others a chance to claim a kiss?

The cherry fairs of Jacobean days, and their jovial accompaniment of wine drinking and merry making, have their counterpart in Japan to-day where cherry orchards during blossom time are the recognised rendezvous for all classes. Legend gives their origin to a fifth-century emperor of Japan who, sailing on a lake surrounded by cherry trees, was so delighted with the effect of the scattered blossoms that alighted in his wine cup, that he made an annual custom of drinking wine beneath their fragrant shade.

Even if George Washington's reputation for truthfulness is not based on a cherry tree as some would have us believe, the cherry tree has a very real association with New York. Broadway was originally planned to be both broad and straight, but where Grace Church now stands was a cherry tree, beneath which, a tavern keeper, one Henrich Brevoort, loved to sit and smoke his pipe. Finding that the proposed street would deprive him of his beloved tree he petitioned the authorities to allow it to remain untouched. Thinking the city would never spread its tentacles so far, they obligingly diverted the street, leaving Henrich and his cherry tree in peace. Few to-day, hurrying homewards, realise that when their steps turn aside, they are paying homage to a cherry tree and the old-fashioned inn-keeper who loved it. (*Continued on page 68*)

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THAT deflating remark usually means that Mary looks older than Whistler's mother, for there's nothing more disastrous to good looks, more ruinous to charm, more certain to take the pep out of personality, than tiredness.

Much tiredness to-day is sheer physical fatigue due to doing some unaccustomed war job or taking on additional work. To prevent this, try to re-arrange your week to include at least two early-to-bed evenings, and practise the "Rag Doll" technique of relaxing. Lie on the bed, arms above your head, and stretch in both directions as far as possible. Then go completely limp—just like a rag doll.

Insomnia causes lassitude, too. If you sleep badly try reading for a short while in bed; this will probably make you feel drowsy and send you to sleep quickly. Or you may find that a short open-air walk before bedtime, or a warm bath and afterwards a hot drink in bed, will help you to sleep. Always relax when you get into bed. If you have a mental problem leave it overnight; it will probably solve itself by morning, or, as psychologists explain, your subconscious mind will solve it while your conscious mind sleeps.

Meanwhile, don't forget your beauty care. Counteract the ravages of tiredness by massaging gently round the eyes with nourishing cream. Before putting on make-up freshen up with astringent lotion, and then, if this is a special occasion for which you are getting ready, use your Icilma Creams and Powder. If you have read these Icilma hints before you know that we recommend saving the little Icilma you *can* get these days for occasions when you must look specially beautiful.

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The common hawthorn, or May tree, is a favourite of both gardener and farmer, for, if left untouched by pruning knife or billhook, it grows into a fragrant, round-headed tree. When clipped and kept within bounds by the hedger and ditcher—an annual rite that must oft cause confusion to the maternal heart of the nesting bird—it makes strong, sturdy hedges. It is estimated that tens of thousands of miles of hedgerows are made entirely of hawthorn, chequering the English landscape into the elaborate patchwork design so loved by both poets and artists.

The lovely legend of the Glastonbury thorn has its foundation in fact, for there is a variety of thorn that, besides flowering in the spring, produces both flower and foliage in the winter months. The legend, like so many others that have been handed down by word of mouth, varies in its details. One tells of Joseph of Arimathea who, with his little band of Christians arriving after the Crucifixion at a hill in the Vale of Avalon, thrust his stick into the ground, saying with a sigh: "We are weary all." When rested and ready to continue their journey it was found that the stick had burgeoned and bore flowers. To-day the thorn tree still flowers at Christmas time and the little hill outside Glastonbury is called Wirrial Hill—perhaps a non-technical derivation of the word, but one that has both charm and poetry to recommend it.

END

"Go To The Woods and Hills"

Behind the 1,000 Plane Raids

(*Continued from page 25*)

come in? Over." The traffic controller nods at one of the girls and she says softly, clearly into her mike. "You may come in. Use No. 6 runway."

The Halifax comes in low, its lights on for identification and is lost in the darkness of the field. Before it is off the runway, the sky is filling with engine throb and three more aircraft are calling down for permission to land. While traffic control is lining them up at different heights a fourth aircraft breaks in abruptly. H for Harry is in trouble—one engine not working, controls shot up. Traffic control orders the other aircraft to stand by. "Come in, H for Harry."

From the deck we see the red and green wing lights of the damaged bomber sinking on to the field. He is down—then one light rises in a sudden arc and goes out and far away and not very loud there is the sound of a crash. The stillness is broken by the racket of the crash car dashing off into the darkness. A headlight goes on briefly and you see dark figures like racing shadows running on the field. Overhead more aircraft are arriving, none can be let down until the field is cleared. The traffic controller rushes from one mike to another, the girls repeat their messages in soft clear voices. Some aircraft are told to stooge about, others running short of gas or having engine trouble are diverted to neighbouring fields.

The crews straggle back from their dispersed aircraft, get huge mugs of coffee and go to the "ops." room for interrogation. A Waaf collects the maps and code books. They sit in a group at a table and an intelligence officer collects their information. Some arrived over the target on schedule, spotted the dummy fires set by the enemy, found the pathfinder fires, dropped their bombs and got away. Some have fought trouble from the take-off, got "coned" in searchlights and caught in flak. "Gee, they threw everything in Germany at us." "The flak was like a wall, we couldn't get through. I stooged round till they 'coned up' on other kites and we got through between them." Some have been attacked by night fighters and had to take evasive action until the crew were air sick. Some had fought back—but it is a bomber's business to bomb and not to mix it with fighters. Listening to them and watching, the main impression is of tired eyes and tousled hair and voices that stumble over words.

"On the whole, a good do. Bags of fires all over the place." The target was Dusseldorf.

Released, the boys go over to the mess for a late supper. The big room is dimly lighted, the Waaf waitresses who have been on duty all day, are still on duty and are as tired as the air crews. This is an informal meal—the lads wander out to the kitchens and help themselves to beer and milk—they can have bacon and eggs if they want it. Fed and warm again, with another "op." safely behind, they will talk now. This is the time to hear stories.

This scene with variations is repeated night after night all over England.

Every morning Station Intelligence reports to Group Headquarters the number of aircraft and air crews available for operations. With "readiness" reports from all its groups, Bomber Command selects the target for the night and the number of aircraft to be used.

In the much-quoted interview of May 6, 1942, Air Marshal A. T. Harris, A.O.C. of the Bomber Command said: "If I could send 20,000 bombers to Germany to-night, Germany would not be in the war to-morrow. If I could send 1,000 bombers to Germany every night, it would end the war by autumn."

Shortly afterward on the night of May 30, he sent 1,043 aircraft to Germany, concentrating on Cologne. The operation required the use of many aerodromes and a ground staff of 100,000. It was preceded by diversionary attacks on German airfields.

The Cologne raid, the first of the thousand-plane raids, opened a new chapter in aerial warfare. It was gigantically, terribly destructive. Photographic reconnaissance showed six major areas of destruction covering 5,000 acres—250 factories or workshops were destroyed or seriously damaged. "Nearly all the premises of the great banks, business houses, insurance companies and administrative concerns . . . have been totally destroyed." The Press reported that the city was without water, gas or light, and railway traffic was suspended for five days. Thirty-six hours afterward the fires were still burning, a month later the streets were still choked with debris. From these operations we lost forty-four aircraft.

THE second of the great raids took place forty-eight hours later on the first of June. The Ruhr was the target, with a concentration over Essen. Essen is the home of the Krupp armament works and it was an act of retribution which sent 1,036 bombers to give it a taste of the destruction which it had built for Rotterdam, Warsaw and Belgrade. The weather did not come up to its promise, there was low cloud and ground haze. From this operation we lost thirty-five bombers.

The third thousand-plane raid was on Bremen, Germany's second largest port, a U-boat nest and the home of the aircraft factories which make the long-range Kurier and their most formidable fighter, the Focke-Wulf 190. It took place on the night of June 25-26. More than a thousand aircraft were used and fifty-two did not return. The attack was concentrated into one hour and a quarter. This may only be achieved by precise planning and navigation—each aircraft was given a course, an altitude, a time over the target and a return course. The night was so short and the journey so long that the bombers took off and landed in daylight. The Air Ministry communiqué said: "Large fires were set but a considerable amount of heavy cloud made accurate observations for results difficult."

This was the "beautiful" raid. Air crews, to whom weather is usually just something to fly through, speak of the night as something they will remember all their lives. There was brilliant moonlight, the sky was so bright the bombers flew in formation. Below them the clouds lay like a shining snow-field and the aurora flickered in the northern sky. As they flew along the coast of Holland, their tracks were made iridescent by bursts of coloured flak.

The difference in the results of the three great raids may be summed up in one word—visibility. The cities of the Ruhr will always be difficult targets because they are hidden in industrial haze, the smoke of their own chimneys, to which the ground defences add more smoke. Essen and Bremen were hidden from the attackers by low clouds, but the night of the raid on Cologne happened to be exceptionally clear with a copper-coloured full moon. The results were correspondingly devastating.

The boys who fly the bombers are all for the thousand-plane raids. They regard them as safer because the ground defences are "saturated"—the predictors upset and the A.A. fire dispersed. They argue like this: you can only get so many operational hours out of air crew and aircraft—it would be better for every one to sit on the ground until the weather is right, then let everybody go out together and just naturally obliterate the target for the night.

The enemy has not suffered these heavy blows without doing something about it. He has enormously increased his concentrations of A.A. guns and searchlights. There are places which our pilots say are ringed with walls of flak. And he has developed a remarkable system of decoy tactics.

The German technique is characteristically ruthless. Near the city they wish to protect, they find a town or village which has the same landmarks as the target, such as railways, canals or a river. They blast that town to ruins, erect dummy chimneys and factories and at night they set out fires in it. They have even sent up their own aircraft to drop flares on it to attract our raiders to the site.

Decoy tactics have led to an improvement in our attack—the use of pathfinders. The pathfinder aircraft, manned by experienced crews and equipped with the most precise instruments, proceed to the target area and light it by coloured flares. The navigators of the following bombers are thus made sure of the target and are able to seek out special features in it which need a little blasting.

"In the past," said Air Marshal Harris, "Bomber Command was largely employed in bombing on a comparatively light scale the immediately urgent targets dictated by the day-to-day situation. A sort of strategical defensive. So much to do, so little to do it with. Now we pass increasingly to the strategical offensive."

And the future? Well, add it up. England, determined to take it in order to hand it out, producing Lancasters, Stirlings and Halifaxes. The Commonwealth Air Training Plan in Canada producing 30,000 air crews a year. The United States Army Air Corps, based in England, readying her Fortresses and Liberators, injecting her technique of accurate high-level bombing. We have the air crews, it is a matter of aircraft. We may not need a 1,000-plane concentration over a target, but 500 four-engined bombers at night and 500 more at dawn to complete the ruin. Bombers harder to bring down, bombers which hit harder—always harder, until the old conception of an air raid is lost in the picture of a bombardment force, flying artillery raised to a power which can erase a city in a night, cripple an enemy production and transport and lay waste his country even within the walls of his armies.

1.1.43

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